

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XVI.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1887.

No. 5.

Everybody

Owning property of any kind owes it to themselves to protect it from loss by fire in reliable companies. If you are without insurance secure a policy at once in a first class company through

R. Walter HILLIARD,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

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For Ensuing 2 Weeks!

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30 doz. Gent's Extra Fine Linen COLLARS, 10 cts.
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REVERSIBLE COLLARS, 19 cts. pr. box, former price 25 c.

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69 CENTS.

This Shirt has never been sold less than \$1.00

MEN'S HEAVY DRIVING MITTS, only 25 cts.

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IN ALL QUALITIES, AT BARGAINS.

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
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AGENT FOR COAL AND WOOD.



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Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,
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Particular attention paid to boarding horses
Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to
Hack and carriage furnished for Funerals,
Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams
Special pains will be taken to meet all reasonable
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HACKS, BARGES, AND TEAMS,
Furnished to Order.
Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc.
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J. HENRY HARTWELL,
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Will attend to the care and preparation of bodies.
Constantly on hand an assortment of COFFINS, CASKETS AND ROBES.

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Flowers furnished where desired. Warehouses
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BROADWAY, OPP. SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

TELEPHONE, 6834.

Residence on Mystic street. 26sep-17

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Concrete Paving

AND

GRAVEL ROOFING.

Residence, CORNER OF Irving and Garnet Sts.,
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Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and
Plans for buildings as desired. Personal atten-
tion to all orders.

25may06

JAMES BASTON,

Carpenter and Builder,

BROADWAY, ARLINGTON.

Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and
Plans for buildings as desired. Personal atten-
tion to all orders.

25may06

—Hear Miss McQuesten at the Universalist Vestry this evening.

—Services as usual at Arlington Heights on Sunday, with the addition of communion and baptism.

—“Seed Sowing” will be the subject of Dr. Mason’s morning sermon at the Congregational church. Gospel service in the evening.

—Dea. Jones is busy printing the town reports.

—The oft repeated question now is, Are you going to the Alumni party?

—The special services at St. Malachy’s church have been largely attended the past week.

—Comic operetta, “Penelope.” Music and reading, this evening, at Y. P. S. C. entertainment.

—The stone which is to contain the copper box in the soldiers’ monument was laid in its place on Tuesday.

—If you have too much silver, Whittemore will exchange No. 7 cigars for it. Buy the box at wholesale rates. They will please you.

—Toboggan enthusiasts have been deprived of their sport by the recent storm, but the cold snap has once again put their slide in fine condition.

—The Six Odd Associates are laying their wires for the annual masquerade which has been a feature for several years.

—Mrs. Dupee, of Jason street, fell, on Tuesday afternoon, on the ice, and sustained a painful sprain to her wrist.

—We have occasion to visit several towns in the vicinity of Arlington, but in none do we see such care for the streets and sidewalks as is given the thoroughfares of our town.

—The petition in favor of the re-appointment of post master F. E. Fowle was forwarded to Washington on Wednesday. It contained between four and five hundred names.

—The Arlington T. A. S. Base Ball Club will give their second annual dancing party in Town Hall, on the evening of Monday, Feb. 21. They are planning for a large and successful party.

—Judge Tuttle has been confined to his home by illness during a portion of last and also this week. He is able to attend to business again, we are pleased to say.

—We have discovered a man who never smoked a No. 7 cigar. His wife said: “I can’t understand why Charlie likes boiled cabbage so well.” “Why,” said her friend, “don’t he smoke a great deal?” Whittemore is agent for the No. 7.

—It is understood that trouble is brewing for the Cambridge horse railroad, and that the men are arranging for a general “tie-up” provided the demands to be made by their committee are not complied with.

—The annual meeting of Arlington Orthodox Congregational church was held in the church vestry, Monday evening. Owing to the severe storm the attendance was small and the meeting was adjourned for one week.

—The gutters and water ways in town were in good condition to receive Monday’s flood, caused by the rain and melting snow, and little damage was caused, though in several instances cellars were flooded and people put to the inconveniences consequent thereto.

—Next winter it is proposed to build a toboggan slide in some public place in the town and form a large club, for membership to which there is no doubt there will be plenty of applicants, judging from the number of those who desire to join the present club, which is necessarily made up of a small number.

—The warmer weather of the first of the week enabled workmen on the soldiers’ monument to resume operations, and considerable progress has been made by them. As the base grows the wisdom of the designer’s location of the monument becomes apparent. Every man to his business.

—The “January thaw” which set in with so much vigor, last Friday, stopped ice cutting operations on Spy Pond, short metre, leaving the hundreds of men with nothing to do and the company with only a portion of its crop gathered, although a large sum had been expended in scraping, planing and grooving the surface of the pond.

—Mr. R. Walter Hilliard has built up a valuable line of insurance in our midst. Representing some of the best companies in existence and always courteous and attentive to business, such a result was a natural consequence. Until the recently burned offices on Kilby street are repaired, he can be found on the corner of State and Kilby streets. He has desk room at the ADVOCATE office.

Wednesday evening was one of the most thoroughly disagreeable of the season and followed an equally unpleasant day, but this did not materially interfere with the brilliant wedding ceremony set for that evening at the handsome residence of Mr. David P. Oteen, on Pleasant street, which united his daughter Kate and Mr. Adelbert E. Clafin in matrimonial bonds. Miss Green is the youngest daughter of her parents; Mr. Clafin is a resident of Hopkinton, and a nephew of ex-Gov. Clafin. Rev. J. P. Forbes, pastor of First Parish church, performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of guests, two hundred and fifty invitations being issued and these were generally accepted. Many rich and attractive toiletts were worn by the ladies. The marriage ceremony was performed beneath a bower of roses, the bride being attired in ivory white satin, with pearl trimming and passementerie and point lace with V shaped bodice and elbow sleeves and dress entrain. The front of the skirt was draped with paniers of rare point lace, while point lace and fine pearl passementerie trimmed the basque and edged the sleeves. The long bridal veil was of exquisite point lace, the gift of the bride’s aunt, Mrs. Morey, of New York. A necklace of pearls was the only ornament worn and a bouquet of Cornelia Cook roses and maiden hair ferns was carried. Two little maids of honor, Misses Cora Moss and Alma Avis, each with bunches of roses, were in attendance, and the ushers were Messrs. S. H. Smith, Henry Bates, H. D. Dodge and James Stewart. After the ceremony the bride and groom, with the bride’s father and mother, the groom’s mother, brother and wife, of Chicago, were the receiving party, holding a short reception. Mrs. Green wore a pearl gray silk with plastron and petticoat of black and gray broché velvet. Mrs. M. A. Clafin, black silk trimmed with black crape and jet passementerie; Mrs. Clarence A. Clafin, a Worth designed dress of Nile green satin with velvet front embroidered with pearl beads and pendants, a bodice of plush and drapery of striped broché velvet. Mrs. Morey wore a costume composed of black velvet with skirt of lavender silk, the front of which was draped with black lace. She wore magnificent diamonds and opals and rare point lace for cuffs and plastron. Mrs. Morris, of Kansas City, was attired in black lace over lavender satin. Mrs. Arthur Richardson wore a toilette of blue moire. Miss Grace Green, of St. Louis, wore a costume of garnet velvet and pink moire silk, the bodice cut decollete. Carter’s orchestra, of Boston, furnished music during the ceremony and through the evening and an elegant refreshment was also served. The presents were very numerous and elegant. The bride received from the groom diamond earings and three companion rings, of rubies, sapphires and diamonds; from her mother, a silver service; from her father, a check of \$500; from Mrs. Mary A. Clafin, mother of the bridegroom, a complete silver set; an ice cream set from C. A. Clafin, brother of the groom. Ex-Governor Clafin and wife gave silver salver dish. The bride’s sisters’ gifts were respectively, silver cream set and china coffee set; Mrs. Morey, silver celery dish, silver knives, crumb knife and the bridal lace; a bronze clock from friends in Hopkinton. There were many other valuable gifts but we confine the list to the immediate relatives. The bridal party, after an extended tour through the west and south, will reside at Kansas City, Mo., where Mr. Clafin has arranged to engage in business. Mr. Green’s eldest daughter has resided in the same city for several years and both bride and groom have acquaintances there, so their new home will not be among total strangers.

—Last Saturday Mr. John D. Freeman attained his eighty-seventh year and on Monday evening his children and grand children celebrated the event with a party at his residence on Arlington avenue. Though one of the oldest residents of the town, Mr. Freeman is by no means the least active and no one of the party on Monday evening entered more heartily into the enjoyments of the occasion. Not only clear in mind regarding his earlier years, as is the case with old people, Mr. Freeman retains a remembrance of, and interest in, the events of the past twenty years, and will bear his full share in any conversation about or discussion of these more recent events. We hope his vigorous old age will insure him many more pleasant meetings like that of last Monday evening.

—The copper box to be placed in the Soldiers’ Monument is to be sealed on Monday next, 31 inst., at the establishment of S. D. Hicks & Son, 117 Portland street, Boston. Any articles yet to be placed in the box must be sent to some member of the committee, to B. Belmont Locke, town clerk, or to the ADVOCATE office previous to that date. The box will be enclosed in the monument the

first day of February, the weather permitting work, or the first day any work is done upon the monument. A copy of Town Reports is wanted for the years from 1861 to 1867.

—This morning the whistle sounded to resume work on Spy Pond. It was a welcome sound.

—The Bay State Band, of West Medford, will give a concert at Town Hall, Arlington, Feb. 22d. Programme, with full particulars in next week’s issue.

—The subject of Rev. F. A. Gray’s discourse at the Universalist church Sunday morning will be “A reasonable interpretation of the flood and practical lessons therefrom.”

—The Universalist church will be open on Sunday evenings from the first Sunday in February to Easter. A course of lectures on the poets and practical questions of the day, will be given. The opening lecture will be upon “Longfellow.”

—A debating club, to be known as the “Highland Associates,” has recently been formed in the locality formerly designated as High street. It is an excellent plan and we wish the young men the largest amount of pleasure and success.

—The regular monthly experience meeting of the Arlington Young People’s Society of Christian Endeavor will be held in the vestry of the Orthodox church, Sunday evening, at six o’clock. All are invited.

—Thursday afternoon a package containing a fine specimen of the pickerel species was left at our office with the following note:

BELMONT, Jan. 27.

Compliments of the Frost brothers, who have just returned from a very enjoyable and successful trip to their old Marshpee fishing grounds.

W. S. & V. FROST.

The brothers will accept thanks of self and family and congratulations upon their pleasant and enjoyable trip.

—From the *Kinsley’s Mercury* we clip the following relating to Alfred Hobbs, formerly of Arlington, lately deceased at that place:—

“He always took the lead in all manly sports, and in his early life manifested a great love for mechanics. He was very ingenious in the invention and execution of plans to accomplish a given work. For a number of years he was interested in a large business with his father. He was also well posted on chemistry, and became an expert in the art of photography. He removed to this country about eight years ago, and afterwards became a stockholder in the Edwards County Bank; subsequently he became president of that institution, in which official capacity he was acting at the time of his death. Many are the regrets expressed in this community on account of the death of Alfred Hobbs. He was a good citizen, useful in the community and universally respected.”

Belmont Happenings.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Belmont Savings Bank, held last Monday, the cashier was instructed to notify in writing all banks of the loss of bonds and stocks to properly place on record on the books.

Although in pursuance of a notice issued that the bank would declare a dividend, no one called to receive it, which shows, perhaps, that confidence is still placed in the institution.

Tuesday morning’s trackmen at work on the Fitchburg railroad found four chisels which were probably used in the burglary of a week ago. Later they were identified as belonging to Wright’s shop, in Waltham, from which the other tools were taken.

A Wonderful Cactus Plant.

“You see that cylindrical looking cactus plant in the window?” asked a restaurateur of a reporter. “Well, there has been more lying about the origin and nativity of that old bunch of thorns than there ever was about the battle of Shiloh. I have said that it came from every portion of the globe, and once when I wasn’t thinking I told a fellow it was found growing on the bulk of an ocean vessel. I hadn’t had it here a week before a fellow told me that he used to live where the ground was covered with them. This was near Jerusalem, he said. When caravans made pilgrimages from one city to another and ran short of water on the way, the travelers would cut the plant open and drink the refreshing liquid which they contained. Another fellow said that the thorns on the plant were buds which would bloom into beautiful red flowers. Now, that old shrub, or whatever family it belongs to, is nothing but an old cactus from Indian territory. It hasn’t got an water in its inwards, and it wouldn’t blossom in a thousand years.”—Chicago Herald.

Photography in Natural Colors.

The foreign journals announce the discovery by a Chinese gentleman of photography in natural colors—the realization of the dreams of all our photographers from Daguerre’s day down to our own. The process, it is to be hoped, is simpler than the name of the inventor, Azurizawa Ryochi Nichome Sanjukansho Klobanshi. The photograph taken was the island of Enoshima.—Chicago Tribune.

A noted mind reader is said to have left Washington without paying a \$30 bill for advertising. Any one can probably read the creditor's mind as regards his opinion of that particular mind reader.

According to President Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, there are now 142 theological seminaries in this country. In the eighteenth century there were but three. Within fifty years 111 have been founded, an annual average of over two.

A man in Kansas City has what is thought to be the largest lemon in the world. It is about the shape of a huge Irish potato, and weighs six pounds, twelve and one-quarter ounces. The Chicago *Times* wickedly suggests, if the lemon keeps until next summer, the proprietor might lend it out to picnics and church festivals.

In the United States there are 2,269 breweries, which produce annually 400,832,400 gallons, or over seven gallons per head. Germany has 23,940 breweries, which produce annually 900,000,000 gallons, or over twenty gallons per head. Great Britain has 26,214 breweries, which produce annually 1,050,000,000 gallons, or over thirty per head.

They have a very effective way of recruiting the army in Mexico. A colonel, being short of men, sent fifty troopers into a Sonora town, and they ran down thirty or forty citizens, locked them up on a bogus charge of drunkenness, and had them "sentenced" to serve in the army for one year. All this took less than half a day, but there was more or less fun while it lasted.

Americans invented the sleeping-car, but a German has invented a sleeping harness, if we may so call it, that makes the car less needful. Broad straps support the arms; they pass through a noose over the head so that either arm can be lowered, which gives one a chance to change one's position. The head is supported by a pad which is attached to the upper part of the arm-straps. The back, of course, rests against the back of the seat.

The barrel cranks have not abandoned Niagara Falls. A Buffalo newspaper says that a Troy man purposes to go over the great cataract on April 15, in a barrel similar in shape to the one Graham had when he went through the rapids. There is to be a manhole and two airholes, and all around the outside will be a covering of rubber six inches thick, so that if the barrel strikes the rocks while going over the falls it will bound off.

The Chinese public school in San Francisco has now thirty-eight pupils, although it started a year and a half ago with only six. It is under the charge of Miss Thayer, who finds the young Celestial very bright in learning English and the common branches. Her hardest task is to enforce silence; the little fellows like to chatter in Chinese about their lessons. Three of the pupils are girls, all wear the Chinese costume, and all take a two weeks' holiday at the Chinese New Year.

There is a sexton in West Springfield, Mass., who deserves a notice because he knows the value of ventilation and how to secure it. The other evening, when the prayer meeting room was well filled and the air became bad, he waited for a pause in the services, and then said if the congregation would all arise for a few moments he would ventilate the room. They arose, and he opened windows and doors, let bad air out and good air in, and then the congregation sat down, feeling better, and the services went on briskly.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says that the largest cash transaction ever made in the South was consummated at Anniston, Alabama, recently, being no less than the purchase by a syndicate of the property of the Woodstock Iron and Steel Company, for the sum of \$8,000,000. This property includes the celebrated Woodstock iron furnace, with its thousands of acres of mineral and timbered lands, the renowned Anniston inn, the perfect system of water-works and electric lights and all other property owned by these companies. The Woodstock Iron and Steel Company will at once erect two large coke furnaces, costing about \$500,000.

A well at Yakutsk, in Siberia, has been a standing puzzle to scientists for many years. It was begun in 1828, but given up at thirty feet because it was still in frozen earth. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences continued for some months the work of deepening the well, but stopped when it had reached to the extent of some 382 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from the data thus obtained the ground was estimated to be frozen to a depth of 612 feet. As external cold could not freeze the earth to such a depth, even in Siberia, geologists have concluded that the well has penetrated a frozen formation of the glacial period which has never thawed out.

Minnesota is growing at a wonderful rate. The census of 1885 gave her a population of 1,117,798, which was a gain of forty-three per cent. during the five years succeeding 1880, and the assessment of real and personal estate increased from \$271,158,961 in 1881 to \$458,424,777—a gain of sixty-nine per cent. in five years. If this ratio continues during the remainder of the decade, 1890 will show nearly twice as many people and much more than twice as much wealth as 1880. Minnesota is commonly regarded solely as an agricultural State, but she is already beginning to suffer from the evils of great cities. St. Paul and Minneapolis between them contain more than one-fifth of all the people, and wield far more than their proportional share of influence in public affairs.

The New Zealand *Herald* states that the layer of ashes which covers so many miles of that country will not, as was at first feared, choke and kill every blade of grass, but will probably act in time as a valuable fertilizing agent. Already the grass is in many places growing up through the dust; but the ash has been submitted to experiment, and is found to be really nourishing to plants grown in it. A resident chemist obtained several samples of the volcanic dust, and sowed in it grass and clover seeds, and kept them moistened with distilled water. In each case, we are told, the seedling plants have come up well and are growing vigorously; it is therefore hoped that those districts which have received only a light covering of this dreaded dust will find that the visitation will in the end prove beneficial to their crops.

Some quite suggestive statistics regarding the death rate in various classes of society, including the extremes, have been published by Miss Vickery, an English female physician of note. From these tables it appears that it is the unhealthiness of the "slums" which runs up the bills of mortality. Notwithstanding the great improvement in sanitary matters, the death rate in England and Wales seems to have remained practically the same for the last forty years. The extraordinary difference between the mortality of the rich and the poor is shown in the statement that in the second quarter of the year cited the death rate in London for Hampstead was twelve and one-half per thousand, but twenty-five in Bethnal-Green. The mean age at death among the richer classes in England is fifty-five years, among the general population forty-one, and the artisan class only twenty-nine and one-half, the rich thus getting twenty-five years more of life than the poor.

From a foreign paper we learn that a shocking tragedy happened at Pesth, Hungary, a short time ago. Five officers and some young actresses from the Orpheum entered a coffee-house late at night. There being no room for all at one table, a hustle took place, and an officer, in fun, ordered Rosa Taciano, a little songstress of nine, to give up her place to him. When she refused he drew out a pistol, and pointing it at her said: "Go away, or I will shoot you." The little girl said: "I shan't," and the officer pressed the trigger, when to his horror, and to that of every one around, the little girl fell lifeless. He had hit her through the heart. He stared at the frail corpse some moments, and then, quick as lightning, directed the revolver against himself and shot himself through the head. In less than two minutes both were dead. The corpses were laid on the billiard table, and the little girl's father filled the place with his cries, while the officers, in deep consternation, had their brother officer taken to the garrison hospital. The dead man's name is Schneeweiss. He was twenty-eight years old, and most popular with his equals and superiors.

The American *Cultivator* has some thoughtful words about the prospective war in Europe. It says: "Europe is preparing for war, which now seems almost inevitable in the spring. All the great powers are arming, and this means the withdrawal of men and capital from active industry, the purchase of provisions, clothing and supplies of all kinds. Even if war should not come at last, these preparations, costing so much, will be a waste of property so far as European nations are concerned, but incidentally creating a better demand for the products of this country. If the scene of conflict is in the East, the supplies of wheat from Russia, and possibly from India, will be cut off, and western Europe must look to the United States for her supplies of food. This is a prospect which many farmers will view with great satisfaction, though the advantage would be only temporary. War means destruction, not only of life but of property. When it is over those who survive must work harder, buy less and produce more to make up for what has wasted. This is what we should have been doing the last twenty years to repair the waste of our civil war, the greatest conflict that the world has ever known."

Georgia farmers use more than \$10,000,000 worth of commercial fertilizers every year, while the little State of New Hampshire, having only about 2,000,000 acres of farm land, uses nearly a million dollars' worth.

SNOWFLAKES.

Where do they go,
The melting flakes of the bright, white snow?
They go to nourish the April showers,
They go to foster the Maytime flowers;
Where the roots of the hidden grasses grow,
There do they go.
How do they go?
Drop after drop, in a silent flow.
When the warm rain falls, and the winds are loud.
And the swallow sings in the rift of the cloud,
Through the frozen veins of the earth below.
They softly go.
Why do they go?
Because Dame Nature will have it so!
More than this, truly, I cannot tell;
I am neither a seer nor an oracle!
When all is answered, I only know
That they come and go!

—Kate Putnam Osgood, in *Wide Awake*.

A MAIDEN OF CHIHUAHUA.

"Mamacita," cried Blasita Aldana, coming across the patio with old Dolores, her sometime nurse and present maid, shuffling at her heels; "mamacita! The Saenz were robbed last night. The door of the sala was broken in and the house ransacked. Lope's pearls are gone, with all the silver cups and spoons, and ladies, and Julio's charro suit, that cost three hundred dollars, and, eh! a lot of money Don Lauro had in his chest."

Cleofas Mora, widow of Aldana, shook her head in silent comment. She had heard all too much in the last few weeks of the depredations committed by the lawless gentry who had just begun to work their way up to Chihuahua from the States below.

"And, mamma," said Blasita, "Lope Saenz says that Lorenzo Garcia has been walking past her window every night this week, and she is quite sure he cares more for her than for Agustina."

"Chimis," then answered Cleofas Mora. "Why do you retail gossip? I have

I not heard and heard full already, that you should come babbling of Guadalupe Saenz and her flirtations? I think the saint that my Agustina is a prudent child, who does not take up with every young blade that appears on the Alameda. Who is this Loren o Garcia? whence comes he? to whom does he bring letters? In my young days we knew who a man might be before we owned he watched under our windows. A pretty pass we are coming to, with the free and easy manners the American women have brought among us."

Now, truth to tell, Dona Cleofas was, on an average, little of a scold; but to-day she was sore distraught. She was the fortunate possessor of means, moderate enough to be sure, but still adequate for her needs; and she and her were gifted with sound minds and bodies. But at the present moment she was much exercised in spirit, and over the very two matters on which Blasita had touched so glibly. There was no doubt that Lorenzo Garcia had been making advances toward the house of Aldana. And there was equal certainty that Agustina was rather kindly disposed to hearken to the voice of the charmer, coyly as yet, it was true; but Dona Cleofas foresaw a lively contest for the day when the girl should definitely decide for her quasi admirer, for Agustina was endowed with some tenacity of purpose.

Lorenzo Garcia was a stranger in Chihuahua, for whom none could vouch, and, for all his handsome eyes and suave address, Dona Cleofas had no notion of passing over to his control one third of the snug little sum she had laid by as dowry for her daughters. Now, too, Dona Cleofas had another source of disturbance, which she would by no means impart to her household, composed exclusively of women as it was. In the silent hours of the preceding night she had heard clearly and unmistakably the sound of feet moving cautiously in the little court of her domicile, and her big watch-dog Pinto had been found stiff and dead that morning, although none save herself had thought of the cause she confidently assigned for his demise. So far as appeared, there was no protection to be had.

The Aldana abode was rather isolated, and the earth beneath the door is wet—with something slippery—hot—good God—with blood!"

There was a smothered howl of rage and fear, the rush of scuffling feet, a ladder rattling

against the wall as it was drawn up to the roof, and Dona Cleofas was alone but the third time, what with the strain on her over-wrought nerves, and the tax on her aching muscles, as she had dragged aside three well-grown, heavy bodies—the third time, and little Dona Cleofas could not answer to the question: "Art safely in? Does all go well?" But the fourth man, cautiously putting his head within the gap to reconnoitre, just missed the unfailing blow of the heavy axe.

"Por Dios!" but what was that? Some treachery is here," his voice broke forth: "And the earth beneath the door is wet—with something slippery—hot—good God—with blood!"

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"Por Dios!" but what was that? Some treachery is here," his voice broke forth: "And the earth beneath the door is wet—with something slippery—hot—good God—with blood!"

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FARM AND GARDEN.

Improving the Corn Crop.

The importance of the corn crop gives the greatest interest to any suggestions in regard to improved methods of culture and any possible increase in the yield. A larger yield is tantamount to a decreased cost, for if but one bushel in a hundred can be added to the gross product it would make up the equivalent of 16,000,000 bushels, or the product of 500,000 acres, all of which might be spared for other crops. But it is quite possible to add at least twenty-five per cent. to the average yield, which is only twenty-five bushels per acre in a favorable year. No one will hesitate to affirm the easy possibility of raising this yield to thirty or thirty-five bushels per acre, and this would be equivalent to a reduction of the area in this crop of about 17,000,000 acres, all of which might be turned to pasture or forage crops, or, if any increase in these crops should be deemed unwise, the land so spared might be planted with timber and a double benefit secured.

There are many ways in which the corn crop may be improved that are but little thought of. The cob or spike, or rachis—to speak correctly—upon which the grain is borne is a considerable item in the yield of the crop. The percentage of cob to grain varies very much. Some varieties of corn, for instance, have no more than 12 to 15 per cent. of cob, or a weight of 9 pounds in the 100 pounds allowed for each bushel. This leaves nearly 61 pounds of grain to the bushel. Other varieties have larger cobs, ranging up to 24 per cent. of the weight, leaving less than 53 pounds to the bushel of grain, a difference of nearly 14 bushels in the 100 of grain in favor of the more productive ear. Thus, if the best kinds of corn were grown, one-seventh of the land, or about 10,000,000 acres, could be spared, and the saving to the farmers in cost of crop would be more than \$50,000,000, and this amount would be added to the profit.

One more point in this regard may be mentioned. Much is said about multiple ears on the stalks and a kind of corn which has the habit of bearing two ears upon a stalk is thought to be a most valuable acquisition. But one good ear is better than two inferior ones; just as shepherds consider one good single lamb more profitable than two smaller twins. The solid contents of a cylinder increases in proportion to diameter in the ratio of the square of the diameter; thus an ear of corn twice as thick as another will have four times the solid contents, and of course must have a much larger weight of corn. A multiple earing variety grown in Tennessee, which has small ears, produces less corn per acre, with two ears to each stalk, than the large Chester County (Penn.) corn with less than one ear to each stalk. Some of these large ears have a quart of corn upon them, and thus thirty-two ears would produce a bushel of grain. This point is of great significance in regard to the improvement of the crop. —*New York Times.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Good fertilizers for grapes are bone, meal and potash.

Crushed oats and bran make a capital ration for dairy cows.

If you want the flow of milk to keep up always milk clean.

Tomatoes may be trained to poles, so as to grow six feet high.

The proper weight for a turkey for the table is said by old marketmen to be eight pounds.

Trees may be protected from meadow mice by banking up with a mound of earth a foot high.

The soaking of fence posts in blue vitriol is certified to be the best preparation for preserving them.

Know by test and not by guess which is the most profitable cow in your herd, and why she is the best.

The hogs which breed well and are popular in the market are the kinds farmers should try to raise.

It is an injury to cream to suffer it to rise where the surface of it is exposed freely to air much warmer than itself.

Dropping ears, lowing, hanging head, diarrhea, vomiting, rapid breath and aversion to light are symptoms that point to a g choler.

The American Agriculturist curiously remarks: "The poorest ensilage we have ever seen has been in the silos of agricultural colleges."

The American Garden says: "Most nuts will not sprout after they become thoroughly dry and should, therefore, be planted as soon as ripe."

A farmer who understands his business says: Land properly prepared and the crop managed to the best advantage is somewhat independent of rain after it has got its first start.

The 100 points which critics have assigned to butter are thus made up: Flavor, twenty-five; keeping qualities, twenty; texture, twenty-five; color, fifteen; appearance, fifteen.

According to Benj. P. Ware, eminent authority upon fruit culture, the very high cultivation of the orchard, year after year will greatly increase crops but materially shorten the life of the trees.

The best bed for pigs is one made of leaves. Fine litter of any kind is always preferred by them to that which is coarse, and the cheapest and most convenient is leaves, which require no preparation for that purpose.

Pigs not intended for slaughter this winter will not require corn if kept well sheltered. Ground oats and middlings make a better food for them, and will keep them growing until the pasture is ready in the spring.

The National Stockman assigns the following properties to the prize butter-maker: Clean mouth, sweet breath, clean clothes, clean apron, honesty, neatness, sweetmilk, level-headedness and ability to keep accounts.

In preparing food for stock, such as cooked vegetables, chopped feed, etc., always season with salt. Every animal craves it, and must have a certain amount of saline matter introduced into its system to enable it to thrive.

There is a large field open for those who will make a specialty of flax. It is a quick-growing crop; is as easily grown as wheat, and improved machinery has made it more easily fitted for market. It gives a profit in both straw and seed.

A French cultivator gives his method of increasing the number of potato tubers: When the young stems have attained about four inches in height, all of them excepting two of the central ones are cut away, and these two only allowed to grow.

Instead of buying poor beef from the butchers' cart farmers should provide themselves with good, fine grained mutton from their own flocks. Keep the sheep fat and arrange with neighbors to exchange quarters. In winter mutton can be kept fresh quite a while.

In no other country in the world are the feathers of the barnyard fowls so recklessly wasted as in our own. In France no part of the fowl is wasted, unless, perhaps, it be the intestines. The feet and heads are used at the cheaper restaurants to give body to their soups, etc.

It is well to remember that butter held for any great length of time shrinks considerably in weight. A consignment of 3,333 pounds sent to New York by an Illinois creamery shrunk fifty pounds in a fortnight, while a lot of 6,104 pounds sold in ten weeks showed a shrinkage of 151 pounds.

It is a very bad plan to use concrete, or any hard substance, for flooring to poultry-houses, unless it be covered with earth. The fowls, of course, cannot scratch and it keeps the feet constantly "on the stretch," owing to its unyielding nature. We should very much prefer the bare ground.

Pick over your fowls and avoid breeding from the poorer specimens. If you have not already culled your flocks attend to this very soon. Weed them out. Set the imperfect ones aside to fatten by and by. Select the best cockerels and the finest-shaped pullets for sale, or for future stock-birds as breeders.

The beauty of keeping cows where the cream can be sold for cash is that it brings in a continuous supply of money. The farmer can always have some money. If he has a special call, such as a note falling due, or taxes to pay, he can save up his sums for cream and meet it, in the place of his being compelled to sell his hogs or some other property at a sacrifice.

It is said that invalids who are largely confined to a diet of milk acquire such a delicacy of taste that they detect a change in the cows that produce it, and know the flavor of their favorite cow and the proportion of it they get each day. Some pick out the milk they relish, and when traced to the cow that yields it, will have no other so long as it is obtainable. They become as cranky as old topers are in regard to the brand of their old tapers.

The French, who export more pears than any other nation, cover the inside of the boxes with spongy paper or dry moss, which absorbs the moisture. Each pear is then wrapped in soft paper, and placed in layers in the boxes, the largest and least mature in the bottom, filling all interstices with the dry moss. Thus they will keep a month or more. They are so closely packed that, though they cannot touch each other, all motion is prevented. If one decays the others are not harmed.

Beans may be rather expensive feeding, but they are rich in nitrogen and are excellent for producing eggs, as they can be partially made to supply the place of meat. A quart of beans cooked to pieces and thickened with ground grain and chopped hay, makes a food that is as nearly complete as could be wished, and as the inferior beans and peas can sometimes be purchased at an advantage they may be as expensive as expected. If the beans lay well on such food the expense will be lessened in proportion.

Says the *Tribune and Farmer*: "No use to grow perishable fruits and vegetables, like peaches, onions, celery, more than the family can consume, unless you have access to a near market. It hardly ever pays to ship peaches to the large cities from way inland, except, perhaps, from Southern sections in order to catch the early trade. Work the home market for all it is worth. Still it is always better to grow these articles in excess of the home needs than not grow enough. The surplus can always be put to some use."

L. S. Hardin, who is considered pretty good authority in dairy matters, says that when a man starts out to be a dairyman, to make butter or cheese for sale or milk to supply a town or city route, his first duty is to select a herd of cows that have been specially bred for giving milk or making butter. There can be no question about this. He should pay more attention to her capacity for making beef than drawing saw logs. He wants an abundant and economical milk-maker from the day she enters the herd until he puts her worn-out carcass in a hole down in the back pasture.

The hen changes its plumage once a year, and while this process is going on egg production is necessarily suspended. The making of a new coat of feathers usually occurs in the fall after the hen has been busily engaged in laying eggs through the summer. Unless well fed at this time cold weather comes before the new coat is on, and there will be no eggs until spring. Otherwise, with warm quarters and good feeding, hens in full feather should lay in winter as well as in summer. The large fowls which looked ragged about midsummer will probably prove good winter layers, while those that produced their egg a day all through the warm weather will be worth little or nothing until spring brings their laying season again.

The fleece on the merino ram should be dense, well set and standing well up under pressure, and, if pressed down, should have sufficient elasticity to return quickly to its upright position. It should be dense rather than long in staple. It should cover all parts of the body, head, legs and underneath the belly. It is desirable that this last should have the wrinkles running down onto and across it, and be covered with as long, thick wool as the sides. The face should be covered with a heavy foretop of wool, rimmed round broadly over the eyes. The model ram does not have the wool running down very close to the end of the nose; but a ram with such a face may be very profitably used on a flock if the ewes have poor faces. The fleece should be as even in length, thickness and quality on all parts of the body as possible.

The average catch of lobsters on the Maine coast has been 2,000,000 yearly for thirty years.

VISIT TO A TEA ESTATE

MANIPULATING THE PLANT ON A CEYLON PLANTATION.

Gorgeous Tropical Scenes—Men Curing Tea-Leaves—Particulars of the Hand-Work Processes.

Anna Ballard has been visiting a tea plantation on the Island of Ceylon. She was taken to the elevated tea estate in an arm-chair carried on four men's shoulders. We quote from the lady's letter to the Chicago *News*:

The estate showed three or four generations of agricultural enterprise. Old est were the stumps of the coffee, which was put in forty years ago, made money fast, and its day was over. Then came the quinine. Tracts of this plant, the cinchona, presented wonderful beauty. The large leaves of both colors were as perfect in form and apparently in fiber as though the tree had a lifetime before it. Some of them were deep red, the rest were glossy green. Each tree was a bouquet without a blossom. Their colors can be felt but not told. The planter is stripping off the bark regardlessly. The peeled trunks were bound with straw to heal and protect their wounds. So long as the trees stand it he strips off another skin after six months; and the second bark is finer than the first. When no longer this outrageous treatment is profiteable he will dig up the tree and get the final, an excellent medicinal scrape, from the roots. Then perish the medicin-crop, which, for these flaming trees, will be next year—flaming because they are forced to live too fast—and the inter-spersed tea bushes, now low, then higher, will take place as the main if not sole planter of the planter's care.

Scattered among all these were trunks, directly out of which, by tough stems, hung heavy, dark crimson pods, the bulky front of the chocolate, cacao. But of all these and other plants tea is the main agricultural expectation, not only of this estate but of nearly all the tropical orient.

It was not cold; the moist air was even exhilarating and made every leaf shine, while we passed through the ever and everywhere blooming jungle of the valley, followed a cut path on the hill-side around the whole of a mountain ravine, passed through and through the estate, which lies on hill beyond hill, and finally arrive at the 2,200 feet elevated bungalow standing in the midst of such a garden, such a garden! as the tropics, and a flower lover can gather together the richest, the sweetest, the rarest, and some of the odd, admirable growths of the jungle also transplanted to show well, and hold their own among the potted plants and the bedded and trellised flowers of civilization.

On the way up I saw from my chair a line of graceful, bare-foot women following each other down a steep clayey and stony path, carrying baskets. These were tea-pluckers on their way to "the store"—a large building which is the storehouse or barn of the plantation. There, after each woman or child's gathering is weighed and the amount credited to her, the leaves are spread upon the garrett floor, to wither. Next they are taken to a long table which has a beautiful polish and is stained to a lovely mahogany by tea juice. A row of men stand on each side of the table. The withered leaves are brought down from the garret and distributed in piles, a pile for each two opposite workers. Then they begin a long, monotonous, perpetual kneading roll. You would think it is nothing to do, but the same muscles are exercised, of the back as they bend from side to side and of the arms and hands as they manipulate the amount they can manage in hand, pushing or kneading it as they roll it off first to the northeast, as you might say, and then to the northwest. It is warm work, but the heat is nothing to that in these machine-working stores, where the temperature is kept high to accelerate the process.

Every few moments they take up the handful they have been rolling and scatter it down; then collect it and knead it again. The scattering is done that the leaves may not be clogged together. I had been wondering how the moist, macerated mass could ever dry into the separated leaves and fine fragments of our tea-canisters. And I had not understood how, when they plucked leaves from a bush and put them indiscriminately into one basket, the youngest and smallest, and those little larger, and the largest, could be assorted so as to make the different grades of tea. The table process made it plain. When they have rolled it long enough the whole is mixed together and repartitioned in piles between each pair of men as before. The second time they knead it much harder. There are five minutes for the men between each roll, and they can slip out and swallow a little rice if they choose, but the majority eat nothing until after their work is over, when they have only their rice and curries. They are far from being gormandizers, these slender-limbed people; nor are they a "sensual" race, as compared with occidentals. So sensitive are they made by this light diet that a hot curry stimulates their spirits and sets their tongues into talking equal to the effect of a quart of lager on grosser men.

They are not allowed to leave the table during a rolling, and are forbidden to chew betel in the tea house (which answers to them for tobacco chewing), and the conductors and all assistants are made by the superintendent to be stringently particular that all wash their hands before they begin to work. One planter has a basin so placed that he can himself see that, every man washes his hands.

The rolling is for the purpose of breaking every cell in the leaf. Only then and thus can the light fermentation bring out the spirit of the plant. The larger, tougher leaves do not crush as quickly as the rest, and are selected out after the process is progressed. They are laid by, instance, at the end of a rolling, and are to be finished by themselves as an older growth, and not so fine a quality of tea.

While the rollers have a five-minutes' interval between rollings, the tea, which feels very much crushed, is wrapped up in a sheet and laid by to reflect upon it. And it gets itself up into a ferment, which, like the withering takes longer or shorter, according to its age, the weather, etc. The time is closely calculated, as I discovered by "What time is it, Solomon?" asked by the planter of his conductor. Forty-five minutes had fermented the lot that I had seen rolled.

Now the charcoal glows in the bottom of a row of furnaces, box-shaped, about four feet high, the open top being just the size of the square sieves. This estate has three charcoal-makers, who grub out the old coffee tree stumps and make them into charcoal. When the estate is cleared of these relics then it must buy its charcoal. The tea is watched closely and is stirred to keep from burning, and the sieve is often taken off and shaken as only an adept can. You or I, if we should so lift up and jolt down the sieve, would flop the contents all over the plantation. Three only of the men do this work, and they are held responsible for the curing of the tea; each keeping his product separate, and if not well done he has to pay for it by deduction from his wages. The smaller leaves dry first, and there is a second sieve, one finer than the other. The planter put me up a little tin box of tea leaves warm from the fire, which finished the exhibition.

Bone Hunting on the Plains.

A few years ago, when buffaloes were more plentiful on the great Western plains than they are to day or ever will be again, they were ruthlessly slaughtered by unsportsmanlike hunters, who gained the name of "skin-stripers," since their only motive in slaying the beasts was to secure their hide. There was always a great and steady demand for buffalo-robings, and the "skin-stripers" found their occupation as profitable as it was wanton and unjustifiable. The largest element of danger that entered into the pursuit was from the Indians, but, on the other hand, in a number of cases the Indians were co-operators with the white speculators in buffalo hides, and assisted in keeping the Eastern market well supplied.

It is hardly necessary to say that the business of skinning buffaloes could not under any circumstances, nor with any amount of co-operation by the Indians, prove profitable or even self-supporting at the present time. The buffalo is fast becoming extinct, and such surviving members of his race as are left in the great Northwest have become wary and elusive.

It will never again be possible for the enterprising "skin-stripers" to sweep down upon enormous herds of these noble though ungainly creatures and slaughter them by the score, leaving their skin-denuded carcasses to rot upon the plains, or furnish food for the wolves and coyotes. Realizing this fact, the "skin-stripers" have either taken up a new and less exciting occupation, and are now known as "bone-hunters," or have abandoned the buffalo industry altogether. The "outfit" of the bone-hunter is a familiar spectacle in the Territory of Montana and in other portions of the West where the slaughter of buffaloes by the wholesale has been of comparatively recent date.

That the gathering of buffalo bones is a recognized industry is easily proved by the following figures. During the season of 1883-4 there were shipped East over the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad alone 7,550 tons, or nearly 800 cars, of bones. These bones were brought to various points on the line of the railroad by the bone hunters, and were then sold to the agents of the consumers.

They were at that time worth about \$24 to the market, and paid the railroad company on an average a little over \$1 a ton in freight charges. They are used chiefly by sugar refineries, bone-black establishments, and carbon works, the Detroit Carbon Works being one of the largest places of consumption in the country. They are also used extensively at St. Louis and at Philadelphia. —*Harper's Weekly.*

Making a Mandarin to Order.

John Jacob Astor was determined to send a ship to China in spite of the embargo of 1807-9. The astonishment of the ship owners of New York, whose vessels were lying idle in the docks, may be imagined when they read in the *Commercial Advertiser* of August 15, 1808, this piece of shipping news:

"Yesterday the ship Beaver, Captain Galloway, sailed for China."

Everybody knew that the ship Beaver was owned by John Jacob Astor. The other merchants of the city were naturally indignant when they heard that Mr. Astor had been so highly favored.

At last it was discovered that he had a special permission from the President of the United States for his ship Beaver, navigated by thirty seamen, ostensibly to carry home to Canton a great Chinese mandarin.

It was said that Astor had picked up a Chinaman in the park, dressed him to fit the mandarin story, secured the Presidential permit, and dispatched him before the story got abroad.

A rival merchant wrote to President Jefferson, informing him that the Chinese mandarin was no mandarin at all, but only a common Chinese dock loafer.

The writer further suggested that, if the government had given the permit under a misunderstanding, the error should be corrected, and the honor of the administration vindicated by punishing the offender.

Mr. Astor's friends called upon him that night and congratulated him upon the success of his enterprise, and they had a hearty laugh over the affair.

He could well afford to laugh at the result of his brilliant coup, for the Beaver made so successful a voyage that she returned to New York the following year with \$2,000,000 more than she carried away. —*Boston Bulletin.*

Washington's Knee Buckle.

A Lewiston lady has one of General Washington's knee buckles. It is a genuine article whose history can be traced back authentically to General Washington through a Revolutionary patriot grandaughter, who one day picked up the shining buckle left by the Father of his Country in the camp of Valley Forge.

He knew it was General Washington's three-cornered hat. Subsequent generations preserved the buckle and the story, allowing neither to lose value by age. The

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Suppression of Crime.

There is a growing impression among intelligent and orderly people that the laws of this country generally, so far as they relate to the punishment of criminals and the prevention of crime, are grossly defective and inadequate. It is a fact, extensively recognized, that under the systems of criminal jurisprudence pursued in nearly all the states, offences against persons and property tend to increase rather than diminish, both in frequency and in gravity. Evil disposed persons are becoming more and more audacious in their transgressions against the public peace, and the security of portable goods in the hands of rightful owners is steadily diminishing. Felonious assaults, robberies and thefts are so common that they attract only fleeting attention, and murder seems likely to fall under the designation of simple misdemeanor unless something is not speedily done to affirm its real atrocity and inspire anew the repugnance to it which is inculcated by moral teaching and the genius of civilization. There is reason to apprehend that, owing to the laxity of the law and the lenient methods adopted by the courts in dealing with offenders, the criminal class of our population is being recruited with such rapidity as to afford ground for serious anxiety. Crime is committed in many places with complete impunity. Not more than one perpetrator out of ten is brought to punishment at all, and very few of those who are convicted receive the full measure of their deserts.

It is unnecessary to cite instances in which there have been miscarriages of justice, for they are so numerous that all are familiar with lapses of that sort. The consequences are so unfortunate that good citizens are earnestly desirous of reform in this respect, though few are prepared to formulate on their own responsibility plans for enforcing it. There are namby-pamby sentimentalists whose morbid mental characteristics constantly impel them to counsel tenderness and mercy in the treatment of criminals, and they have been able to exercise a pernicious influence upon legislators, courts and juries, but the time has come when their notions must be discarded. Murderers should be hanged, and robbers, thieves and violators of public order imprisoned; and the interval between the deed and the penalty ought to be as brief as possible. But that is not all. Persons who have been enrolled as members of the criminal class should be permanently disposed of, so that they cannot indulge their vicious propensities at the expense of the community. A recent development of opinion in this respect is presented in the inaugural message of Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, to the Legislature of that state. He recommends that habitual criminals be sentenced to prison for life terms instead of being periodically released to prey upon the public. Of course he refers to hardened offenders who have already served time in penal institutions for violations of the law.

The conductors and brakemen on the Boston & Lowell railroad have united in a petition to the managers requesting an increase in pay, the petition closing as follows:—

"We accordingly respectfully request that the following be the rate of wages on this road for men in our respective occupations: Freight conductors, \$2.75 per day; freight brakemen, \$2.15 per day; switchmen, \$2 per day; the hours of labor not to be over ten hours per day, and all time over ten hours to be paid for pro rata at the regular rates per day."

The present rate of wages averages from \$1.80 to \$1.90 per day for brakemen and \$2.30 for conductors, while the switchmen are paid on an average of about \$1.50. They claim that they have to make on the average more than ten hours for a day's work, and an important feature of the petition is a request that such extra-time be paid for in proportion to the increase asked for.

The purchase of a great block of real estate on State and Kilby streets, in Boston, by a syndicate of capitalists, indicates a purpose to prevent the great monied interests of that city from drifting away from the historic locality. More than a million dollars has already been expended in the purchase of land on which to erect the block that is planned and others are likely to follow until the whole space between Congress and Kilby streets is in their control.

The annual meeting and winter reunion of the Mass. Press Association was held in Boston on Tuesday, at the U. S. Hotel. Pres. Whitaker of the N. E. Farmer and the entire board of officers of 1886 was re-elected. The banquet which followed the business meeting and reunion was thoroughly enjoyed. Gov. Ames opened the after dinner speaking. The evening was spent at the Boston Theatre, on invitation of the proprietors.

Again we commend Our Little Ones, published by the Russell Pub. Co., Boston, to the attention of our readers who have small children in their homes. Its tone is especially good, the stories and poems are adapted to the little folks, and in point of artistic excellence in designing and engraving as well as in letter press printing it ranks with the best monthlies of our land. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year.

The annual encampment of Mass. Dept., G. A. R., was opened in Boston last evening. It was a large and enthusiastic gathering of veterans.

[From our Regular Correspondent]

Notes from Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24, 1887.

The past week at the Capital has been marked by meetings of various conventions and by an unusual amount of legislation in Congress. Washington has long been the most popular place in the country for the holding of national conventions, and every year it seems to grow in favor as a rendezvous for the representatives of all sorts of national interests and industries. It is a common thing for several associations to be in council here at one time, and during the past week six different organizations were in session.

It may be considered settled that the centennial of the Constitution, dating from the inauguration of the first constitutionally elected President, will be appropriately celebrated under the auspices of the government in the spring of 1889, a year to be known hereafter as the jubilee year of the republic.

The sentiment of the country in favor of this movement seems to be practically unanimous. It touches the patriotic impulses of the whole people. The Senate has responded with resolutions of approval, and has taken steps toward carrying out the grand celebration. The President has also conveyed to Congress his unqualified endorsement of the undertaking, and notwithstanding the wise reticence with regard to the proper place for holding this centennial, it is generally conceded as a matter of course that Washington will be the favored city.

The question of who is worthy to become the orator of the occasion has even been broached, but this is considered premature and of little moment in a city which is continually flooded with the eloquence of the whole United States.

The preliminary arrangements and details of the celebration will be entrusted to a committee of Senators and Representatives, which there is reason to believe, will be judiciously selected.

Speaking of Washington's conventions reminds me that the most prominent one of the present week begins to-morrow. It will be made up of women who want to vote, with Miss Susan B. Anthony as mistress of ceremonies. They come to hold their nineteenth annual convention in Washington, where they have held the eighteen preceding ones, and, as usual, for many successive winters. Miss Anthony has preceded them in order to clear the way and complete arrangements.

They had wanted to tell their wrongs and plead for their rights within the very walls of Congress, this time, and had asked for the use of the hall of the House of Representatives for their sessions. It would probably have been granted to them if they had been willing to wait patiently until Congress got ready to discuss the matter, but the slow ways of our law makers did not suit the National Woman Suffrage Association, and rather than delay daily with Congress for a month about its hall they decided to secure the use of the Metropolitan M. E. church.

"Yes," said Miss Anthony, "we are coming again—coming from every state, and with much earnestness of purpose and much added strength from the encouragement of the past year. I believe our convention will be larger than ever before and progress will be reported from every direction." Miss Anthony is perennially hopeful. She claims that no cause in the world's history has spread more in a lifetime than has the cause of woman in this country. The expansion of her sphere of usefulness and the increase of compensation and of influence she considers marvelous. Women are gradually attaining all their rights, she thinks, and every step gained in any direction is a step towards suffrage. Senator Blair has promised to endeavor to secure a debate in the Senate on the woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution during the time when this convention is in session.

Next year the association will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its existence and they propose then to have a union of every branch of woman's work. After this they say the younger women must come to the front and let some of the older ones retire. Forty years is enough for a woman to work. But these veterans in the cause of woman will withdraw from the field voluntarily, when the time comes. They want it distinctly understood that it will not be on account of feebleness or broken health or old age or anything of that sort. Miss Anthony has asked that such infirmities shall not be laid to her charge next winter. She says they are only put in print to round out a sentence—not because there is any truth in them.

The February St. Nicholas, which is interesting and instructive to young people and old, opens with a thrilling story of a winter experience in Iceland, by Hjalmar Hjort Boeschen, entitled, "Between Sea and Sky." The frontispiece and other illustrations of the story show the dangerous character of the search for food made by the young hero. Another story of adventure is "Grizel Cochran's Ride," founded on an incident of the Monmouth Rebellion, and told with much spirit by Ella Peatlie. Much daring for the love of art is displayed in an account of a journey in "The Porcelain Stove," by Avery McAlpine. A clever bit of literary criticism, which might be appreciated especially by elder readers, is entitled "Effie's Realistic Novel." The young heroine, whose attempt at literary work is described by Alice Wellington Rollins, begins a realistic novel called "Margaret P. Wharton," but discovers that she has not enough imagination for true realism. A new serial of a novel character, which deals with some newsboys' business scheme of housekeeping, is entitled "Jenny's Boarding House," by James Otis, and promises much amusement. The serial, "Juan and Juanita," by Frances Courtenay Baylor, is interesting and romantic. One of the instructive articles which also calls attention to its vivid illustrations, describes the scenes "Among the Gas Wells." Some excellent advice to boys is given by Rev. Washington

Gladden. The magazine is charmingly illustrated, and its dainty verses add much to its attractiveness. Century Company, publishers.

Plain Living.

A lawyer by profession, but a judge in one of the highest courts in New York for 23 years, is noted for methodical habits, legal acumen and perfect integrity. Long past 60, erect and vigorous as a man of 40, he cannot count a day lost by sickness in a quarter of a century. At his post as regularly as the sun rises, after adjournment he writes out the opinions of the court, which already fill several large volumes. No man in the city is more worthy of the universal regard which he long since secured.

Having long known Judge Blank, I once asked him the secret of his power.

"Plain living," he replied, "has been my salvation. I smoked, drank occasionally, and was given to rich food. Shortly after being admitted to the bar, I found myself a victim of dyspepsia. I began to study my habits and their influence on mind and body. I experimented with food, drink and exercise. The result was in fixing a rule of life which I have since followed inflexibly.

After a plain but substantial breakfast, I loiter about an hour or two and then walk to the court house, or a distance equal to three miles or more. Having previously had the room well ventilated, I stay in the building, occupied, except an hour at noon, with my judicial duties. The other judges take a hearty lunch; I eat nothing. At 5 o'clock I am through for the day, and walk up town again. Rain or shine, cold or hot, finds me swinging my arms and plodding along in the same gait. All legal work is dismissed as utterly from my mind as if I never knew Coke and Blackstone. I eat a hearty dinner; take no made dishes, no Worcestershire sauce or flavoring condiments, no pudding, pie, ice cream or custard and drink no wine. I have a sense of comfort but not repletion, feel no desire for intoxicating liquors, and make it a business to thoroughly digest my food, eaten twice a day—no more. I am frequently compelled to attend dinners, banquets, and festivals of every kind. But neither entreaty nor ridicule can induce me to change my habits. Even a dish of ice cream cannot tempt me."

28Jan2W J. H. TYLER, Register.

"A continual dropping on a rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." No worse, poor souls, they are such slaves to headache. One twenty-five cents spent for a bottle of Salvation Oil will restore harmony in the household.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Susan B. Currier, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased. Greeting:

WHEREAS George O. Smith, the administrator of said deceased, has presented for allowance the first and final account of his administration to the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the 1st day of March, 1887, at one o'clock, in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Lexington *Minute-man*, a newspaper printed at Lexington, three weeks successively, at least before and on or about the 1st day of March, 1887.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said court, twenty-seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

FOR SALE.

12 TONS of Barley and oat fodder, also, 4 tons of English Hay. Apply to

GEORGE SIMMONDS.

21Jan2W Adams Street, Lexington, Mass.

MR. BENJAMIN CUTTER, of BOSTON.

Teacher of Violin Playing Instruction of Children

A SPECIALTY.

Parties also given lessons in SONATA and ACCOMPANIMENT playing with the violin.

Address, for terms and for hours in

Arrington, to

88 Chandler St., Boston Mass.

21Jan1W

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Lewis P. Bartlett to Henry V. Hill, dated August 4, 1878, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, on the 15th day of January, 1879, in said public auction, on the premises, on the Twenty-Sixth day of February, 1887, at one o'clock, in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgagee, namely—A certain piece of parcel of land, together with the dwelling house standing thereon, situated in Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, bounded as follows: commencing at the southwesterly corner of the lot bounded by land of James M. Chase on Arlington Avenue, and running northwesterly to land of L. P. Bartlett, thence turning at right angle and running on land of said Bartlett to the line of the fence, it then turns eastward and runs eastward, turning right angle and running on land of said Bartlett, then turning right angle and running easterly on land of said Bartlett, then turning right angle, then turning right angle and running easterly on land of said Bartlett, then turning right angle and running easterly on land of said Bartlett, then turning right angle and running easterly on land of James M. Chase, then turning at right angle and running easterly twenty feet and six inches to land of L. P. Bartlett, thence turning at right angles and running on land of said Chase seven rods and four inches to the point of beginning on Arlington Avenue. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

EMILY S. HILL, Administratrix.

At Arlington, January 15, 1887.

For other particulars apply to H. D. Nash, 19 Cornhill street, Boston.

BANK Notes, Receipts, Rent Bills, etc., with Arlington date in e, for sale at this office singly or by the hundred.

Boys and Youths' Clothing Department.

Boys and Youths' Shoes.

Boys and Youths' Slippers.

Boys and Youths' FANCY SLIPPERS.

FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR GIFTS.

MEN'S BOOTS & SHOES,

both hand and machine sewed, varying in

prices from \$1.50 to 6.00

Boys and Youths' Socks.

Boys and Youths' Stockings.

Boys and Youths' Gloves.

Boys and Youths' Umbrellas.

Boys and Youths' Hats.

Boys and Youths' Caps.

Boys and Youths' Clogs.

Boys and Youths' Slippers.

Boys and Youths' Slides.

Boys and Youths' Footwear.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AS QUICK AS A WINK AT Pach's Studio, Main St., near Beck Hall, Cambridge

MOTHERS DON'T NEGLECT TO BRING THE

LITTLE ONES;

MR. TUPPER ALWAYS HAS A CORDIAL WELCOME
FOR THEM; AND A VISIT TO THE
STUDIO WILL PAY YOU

N. B. No Stairs to Climb.

Builders, Attention!

We have perfected our arrangements
for keeping on hand at all times Hard
Woods and Floor boards, perfectly dry and
ready for use.

Come and see us and we will convince
you.

GEO. W. GALE,
RAILROAD LUMBER YARDS,

Nos. 336 to 348 Main Street, Cambridgeport.

The variety in the contents of the current Century is not less noticeable than the geographical distribution of their origin. In subjects and contributors all sections of the country are represented, and appeal is made to many tastes. Politics, biography, travel, fiction of four kinds, art, architecture, astronomy, public questions, war reminiscences, unwritten history, poetry and humor furnish topics of vital and present interest. The Drawings, by Winslow Homer, Pennell, Blum, Kemble, Alexander, the beautifully printed engravings of astronomical subjects, the reproductions of the newly discovered Roman bronze statues, and the portraits of American statesmen and divines, show no willingness to subordinate the excellence of the pictures to the excellence of the text. The life of Lincoln is occupied with Lincoln's first term in Congress and his life as a lawyer, this installment concluding the first portion of the biography and carrying its subject to his fortieth year. His campaign for Congress, his opposition to the principle of the Mexican war, his maiden speech in the House, his bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; his attitude towards appointments to office and his characteristics as a lawyer are part of the subject-matter of the February chapters. Prof. Langley's New Astronomy Series may appropriately be called the latest news from the sky. The present paper has a fascinating theme, "The Stars," and he treats it in a way to hold the attention. Prof. Rodolfo Lanciam, the Director of the new Musico Urbano in Rome and the Curator of all works of art discovered in that department of Italy, contributes an article on the bronzes of Rome; and Col. W. C. Church, in "A Midwinter Resort," describes the Bahamas in a sparkling style, quite in keeping with the illustrations by Mr. Winslow Homer. The several serials in the fiction department are continued, as are also the war series, and the magazine is notably attractive in all its parts.

Every one has a will and a mind to think for himself, yet many will go about hacking and coughing until a friend recommends Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for that cough.

AGENTS WANTED For the Great War Book

Just Published, entitled,

THE SPY OF REBELLION.

A wonderful book by the great Detective, Chief of U. S. Secret Service, ALLAN PINKERTON.



The "Spy" reveals many secrets of the War never before told.

A graphic account of the first great assassination Lincoln ever witnessed, how he was conducted safely to Washington—Early Battles of the War—The Secret Service—Allan Pinkerton—The Great Officer's Treason—The Knights of Liberty—The "SPY" in Richmond—The Spy—McClellan and his Enemies—The Spy's Journeys through the South—Defeat of General Pope—McClellan—McDowell—McDonald's Farewell Address, etc., etc., together with many thrilling narratives of the Spy hero.

The "Spy" is the most thrilling War Book ever published. Endorsed by the Press and hundreds of Agents. A large, handsome book, of 688 pages. Profusely illustrated.

WIDE AWAKE.

Prospectus for 1887.

A WORD ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS—\$2.40 FROM THIS DATE.

D. Lothrop & Company announce that, leading in the great literary movement toward lower prices and larger sales, they have made, without reducing quantity or quality, an extraordinary reduction in the price of Wide Awake, the best illustrated young folks' magazine (1000 quarto pages and 500 original pictures yearly), and will now receive subscriptions at the former wholesale price of only \$2.40 a year.

Serial Stories and Series of Articles.

THE STORY OF KEDON BLUFFS. By Charles Edward Craddock.

ROMULUS AND REMUS. By Charles Remond Talbot.

MONTEZUMA'S GOLD MINES. By Fred Ober.

THE SECRET AT ROSELADIES. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

HOWLING WOLF AND HIS TRICK PONY. By Mrs. Lizzie W. Chapman.

BIRD-TALK. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

IN WAR-TIMES AT LA ROSE BLANCHE. By Mrs. M. E. M. Davis.

BALLADS ABOUT OLD-TIME AUTHORS. By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

FAIRY FOLK ALL. By Louise Imogen Guiney.

Address orders to D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

THE JUDGE'S CASH PUZZLE

In Behalf of the

Grant Monument Fund.

Use your Brains and Make Money.

MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, EVERYBODY.

The Judge proposes to assist the Grant Monument Fund by organizing a grand competition on word-building. The largest number of words from a given sentence (not containing and using letters to suit the purpose), in using for the theme the sentence, "Who will be our next President?" and offering cash prizes to successful competitors, each of whom will have to pay first \$10.00 on presentation of his competitive paper. The money received will be applied as follows:

Twenty-five cents is at once credited to the Grant Fund.

The remaining twenty-five cents after deducting the legitimate expense of advertising name, etc., the respective answers, etc., etc., will be placed in a common fund to be equally divided among the six successful competitors, i.e., the six persons sending in the largest list of words (proper nouns included) made from the sentence "Who will be our next President?"

The magnitude of the prize will depend on the amount of money received, or in other words, on the number of competitors. Communications open until Friday, January 18, 1887, 12 o'clock.

This is not a mere trifling, but a large and large sum of money has been raised for charity by this method, and those who have participated and incidentally helped a worthy object have won a prize as high as \$10,000 as a reward for mental ability.

The names of competitors will be published from week to week in Judge's Magazine.

This will not only serve as an acknowledgment of his receipt of the money, etc., but will also serve to show the weekly progress of the fund. Governing rules in this week's Judge.

Address, "Grant Fund," THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO., Potter Building, New York City.

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We have perfected our arrangements
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JAMES PYLE'S

PEARLINE
THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR
WASHING AND BLEACHING
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.
SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Fall River Line
FOR

New York,
South and West.

THIS IS THE ONLY DAILY SOUND LINE.

SPECIAL STEAMER-EXPRESS leaves Boston from Old Colony Railroad station, week days at 6 P. M., Sundays at 7 P. M., connecting at Fall River 88 minutes, and arriving at Providence 120 minutes. Tickets and staterooms for sale at the office of the line, 3 Old State House, Boston, and at the Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK,
General Manager, Boston.

L. H. PALMER,
Agent, 3 Old State House, Boston.

THE PANSY.

Prospectus for 1887.

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MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, EVERYBODY.

The Judge proposes to assist the Grant Monument Fund by organizing a grand competition on writing (making the largest number of words) giving a prize of \$1000 for the best writing and using letters to suit the purpose, using for the theme the sentence, "Who will be our next President?" and offering cash prizes to successful competitors, each of whom will have to pay 10c. on presentation of his competitive paper. The money received will be applied as follows:

Twenty-five cents is at once credited to the Grand Fund.

The remaining twenty-five cents after deducting the legitimate expenses of advertising names with the respective answers, etc., etc., will be placed in a common fund to be equally divided among the six successful competitors &c., the six persons entering in the largest list of words (proper nouns included) made from the sentence "Who will be our next President?"

The magnitude of the prizes will depend on the amount of money received, or in other words, on the number of competitors. Communications open until Jan. 15, 1887, 12 o'clock.

The new year in England large sums of money have been raised for charity in this method, and those who have participated and incidentally helped a worthy object have won a prize as high as \$10,000 as a reward for mental activity.

The names of competitors will be published from week to week in "Judge" as they may come in. The names of the six persons are to be determined by his receipt of the money, etc., but will also serve to show the weekly progress of the fund. Governing rules in this week's Judge.

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The Paint Pot for Stolen Horses.

All the horses that are stolen in New York or its vicinity find their way to the horse market. If the dealer is sharp enough to perceive that the horse offered to him is stolen he buys him very cheap. Then he uses all his ingenuity to change his appearance. Painting is frequently resorted to. If the horse has any white markings they are deftly painted over; if not, and his color is dark, a few white spots are painted on. So skillfully is this done that even dealers are deceived. As soon as a case of horse stealing is reported to the police a detective is usually sent to the market. It is the exception for him, however, to recover the horse. The owner himself would not recognize his animal after the paint pot had been used. A detective of the Fifty-ninth street police station informed the reporter that he knew of an instance in which a livery man bought his own horse from a dealer at the market without knowing it. Although many arrests have been made in such cases the traffic continues. Capt. Killilea had a detective in the market for six weeks at one time before he could trace a horse that had been stolen from a stable in West Forty-seventh street. Some of the dealers have stables elsewhere in the city. When the stolen horse is of such color that he cannot be painted he is removed to one of these private stables until the affair blows over and he can be safely brought out and sold—New York World.

The War in Sumatra.

The hostilities that have been going on more or less in the northern part of Sumatra for the last thirteen years between the Dutch and the Achinese are no nearer than ever to a conclusion. Acheen is the principal native sovereignty on the island, and has kept its independence against European efforts to subjugate it for nearly four centuries. Through a great part of the time commercial treaties have been maintained with the sultan of Acheen by European occupants of the island, but the pirates indulged in by his people and his alleged violation of faith have of late greatly exasperated the Dutch. An expedition sent from the Netherlands in 1873 to crush the Achinese was defeated with much loss. Since then the war has been prosecuted with varying success. Of late the natives have begun to smuggle in rifles and even artillery, so that they have put the coast fort at Segli under siege. The Dutch troops also suffer severely from disease. Altogether Sumatra has cost the Netherlands much in money and men, with a prospect now of costing much more. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Winter Railroading in Dakota.

Railroads are not seriously inconvenienced by snow in this part of the country, for they know how to take care of it. Up in Dakota, where it drifts and banks up on the track, is where the delays occur. I remember an engine that was covered entirely for eleven days. We kept a fire going in the furnace all the time, and by that way finally got out of the snow. One of the dangers that have to be watched during such weather as the present is the snapping of rails. But, considering the number of steel rails in use, those that are broken by the cold are exceedingly few, and the break is so small—generally a few inches—that the cars pass over it without being derailed. I remember of a break where a three foot piece of rail was broken off and fell to one side. A train passed over the ties and continued on without interruption. Then, again, there was a long train of empty freight cars that was derailed, and, as the ground was flat and hard, were pulled about 200 yards away from the track before stopping. There was great trouble experienced in getting them back to the track.—Globe-Democrat.

Circulation of Paris Daily Papers.

With the exception of Le Petit Journal, no Paris daily has what would be regarded in the United States as an enormous circulation. The Figaro prints about 60,000 copies and the Temps about 15,000, while Le Matin, which comes nearer an American daily through its newsy character than any other paper, gains ground continually. There are daily journals published in Paris which do not circulate to the extent of 1,000 copies, but are kept alive by politicians that require a mouth-piece or by financial enterprises needing a trumpet. The Petit Journal, however, makes up for the small tirage of many of its contemporaries. Upward of 900,000 copies are printed daily, and it is computed that it is read by one sixth of the population of France. The profits of the paper last year exceeded 4,000,000 francs. Not is The Figaro a particularly unprofitable sheet. Its shares were issued originally at 60 francs, and they now command 11,000. Everybody connected with these two papers has grown wealthy.—New York Times.

Miss Rose Cleveland at Home.

Miss Cleveland is now resuming her old habits in her old home and taking up her old books and studies, and old life generally. She is very regular in her habits. She breakfasts at 8, goes into her library at 9, and spends the morning there. At 1 o'clock she dines, preferring while in her country home to have a midday dinner. The afternoon she spends in driving or walking, visiting with her friends and guests. She is utterly defiant of wind and weather, driving in the rain rather than not at all, and her solitary figure at all seasons mounting the hills, crossing the meadows and disappearing off in the woods, has been long familiar to the lookers-out-of-windows along the village street or in the more scattered farm houses. Her visits are mostly to those whom she can serve in some way. Her mother was very thoughtful for the poor, and in this respect her daughter imitates her.—Laura C. Holloway in Brooklyn Magazine.

Realistic Novel Writing.

There is no man, nor woman either, who resolves to set down precisely all that he or she may see or hear in four and twenty hours, say of walking life, but shall turn you out your realistic novel, as the Grand Lama of Tibet will turn you out your prayers—by the yard. Such words need not invention, nor imagination, nor fancy. The only quality of the artist it calls for is the sense of proportion, the faculty of selection; and that, anybody who has once experimented on this school of fiction will know well if rarely, if ever, gets. A writer, content to produce this sort of stuff, may write, as Thesnius sits, for ever; and, according as his taste leads him to Mayfair or to Seven Dials for his copying ground, so will his literature be a polite industry or the reverse.—Macmillan's Magazine.

An Eloquent Argument.

A lawyer in New London county, Ct., while eloquently arguing a case of great interest, is said to have used the following beautiful phraseology: "When this slander, gentlemen of the jury, reaches the ear of the strong arm of the law, it will kick away every obstacle and with its lips declare: 'No, sir; no, squire, sir!'"

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AFTERWARD.

I heedlessly opened the cage
And suffered my bird to go free;
And, though I besought it with tears to return,
It nevermore came back to me.
It nests in the wildwood, and beeds not my call,
O the bird once at liberty, who can enthrall?
I hastily opened my lips,
And uttered a word of disdain
That wounded a friend, and forever estranged
A heart I would die to regain.
But the bird once at liberty, who can enthrall?
And the word that's once spoken, O who can recall?
—Virginia B. Harrison, in *Independent*.

THE CASHIER'S STORY.

BY ALFRED B. TOZER.

"I have tried time and again to reason myself out of it. I don't like the idea of going through life acknowledging that I am indebted to the supernatural for my very existence. I have never believed in the supernatural. I am not going to believe in it now if I can find any other way of accounting for my being here, instead of at the foot of a gravestone out on the hill yonder."

We had been discussing spiritualism before the open fire in Charley's room, and had drifted from arguments on the condition of the dead to the relation of incidents of a mysterious character influencing the lives of the living.

"I don't like to figure as a creature of the mysterious," Charley continued, "because it seems to commit me to a belief in all sorts of outlandish and unnatural things—to inclose me in an atmosphere altogether unearthly; but my only relief seems to lie in an utter repudiation of an occurrence too real and too productive of practical results to be repudiated, so you see I am in a good deal of a mess over it."

Now, Charley is one of the most matter-of-fact of men. At the down-town bank where he holds the position of cashier, such an admission on his part would have produced a sensation. In the familiar circle where he sat that night it only provoked curiosity. This curiosity he at once proceeded to satisfy, beginning with an abrupt question:

"Do you remember the night of the 15th of March?"

No one seemed to remember, for no one answered.

"That's singular," he said, after a moment's silence. "At the same time you all took a great interest in at least one of the occurrences of that night. I refer to the attempted bank-robbery."

Certainly we all remembered that. We had simply failed to locate it on the date given—the night of the 15th of March.

"Well, when I left the bank that evening," Charley continued, "I was accompanied by Dick Munson, the paying-teller—a pale, nervous little fellow, with a memory for faces and signatures almost phenomenal, and an instinctive ability to detect fraud. We stopped on the bank-steps for a moment to speak to a customer, and then passed on up the street together. His rooms are about half a mile further out than mine, and when we were kept at the bank later than usual, as on that occasion, we frequently dined together at a neat little restaurant not far from my chambers. We did so that night, occupying a table alone in a small alcove from which a window looked out upon a side street.

"We were well through the meal, when Dick called my attention to the figure of a man standing on the outer edge of the walk, and facing across the side street.

"Do you remember having seen that person before this evening?" he asked.

"I glanced up carelessly, and replied that, to the best of my recollection, I then saw the man for the first time.

"Then," he added, nervously, "note some peculiarity in dress or attitude, so you will know if you see him again. Wait; the face is the best index. He may turn this way in a moment."

"As though influenced by our rigid scrutiny, the man on the walk turned almost before Dick had done speaking, and faced the window where we sat.

"Don't look now," Dick said, turning his own eyes away. "He is watching us. When you do look, notice the upper portion of his face. People of his kind usually point out their peculiarities by trying to hide them. Look sharp under the rim of the slouch hat he wears for some distinguishing mark."

"While the teller was speaking, I caught a full view of the man's face. The eyebrows were very thick and black, and came close together. There was no arch to speak off, and the general effect was that of a straight, unbroken line crossing the lower forehead. It was a face not easily forgotten."

"I thought you would find something there," Dick said, when I told him what I had seen. "I was not quick enough to see the fellow's face, but I should have known him anywhere. He stood in front of the bank-steps when we stopped there to-night, and has kept us in sight nearly all the way up. Unless he is frightened off we shall hear from him before long."

"I laughed heartily at Dick's view of the matter, and nothing more was said on the subject until we reached my rooms. Then, placing his hand on my arm, he exclaimed:

"I can't get over what we were talking about at the restaurant. I can't get that slouching figure on the edge of the walk out of my mind. Let me remind you once more to look sharp for that face wherever you go. Good-night."

"He was off before I could make any reply, and I went up-stairs, laughing quietly at what I considered the nervous fears of a tired-out and naturally suspicious man.

"On my sitting-room-table I found a note reminding me of an important engagement in another part of the city, and left hurriedly. To this day the janitor insists that I left my door unlocked, but I am positive that I did not. Not long after my departure, however, he found it ajar, looked carelessly through the rooms, saw that I was not there, and locked it. Had he been more thorough in his search he would doubtless have made a very strange experience."

"It was midnight when I returned to my rooms. The gas was burning dimly in the sitting-room, but the sleeping-room beyond it was in total darkness. Opening from the sleeping-room was a large bath-

room, and adjoining this was a large clothes-closet. I locked the door as usual, turned off the gas, and went to bed, as I frequently did, without striking a light in the sleeping-room or opening the doors leading to the bathroom and closet. I was tired, and fell asleep immediately.

"How long I slept soundly I cannot tell. I am utterly unable to describe the first sensations I experienced. Dimly, and afar off, I heard Dick Munson's voice, speaking as though in terrible fear or from out an overpowering nightmare.

"At first the sounds came to me like a voice muffled by the walls of a close room, and conveyed to my mind no distinct form of words. But the tone was one of warning, and told me as plainly as words could have done that I was in deadly peril of some kind.

"After a time the voice ceased, and I heard, as plainly as I now hear the rumbling of wheels outside, the rapping of a private signal known only to Dick and myself, and used only in the bank when he desired to attract my attention to any face or suspicious circumstance in front of his window. This was repeated several times. Then I heard the voice again, clear and distinct this time, as though the slouching figure we had seen on the edge of the walk out of my mind! I could not make you hear. In my alarm I even gave the private signal we use at the bank. I actually awoke to find myself sounding it on the head of my bed, and repeating over and over again the words I have told you of speaking.

"I laughed at myself for a superstitious idiot, and went to sleep again, only to renew the experiences described—to see the slouching figure in the bathroom, and to repeat my cries of warning and the private signal. I awoke again, to find myself standing by my open window (I must have raised it in my sleep, for I closed it on retiring), sounding the private signal on the sash and repeating the warning words. How long I should have remained there I cannot say. My blows on the sash must have loosened the catch, for the window fell with a crash. In a moment I heard the City Hall clock strike one.

"I was now thoroughly awake, but I could not drive from my mind the impressions created by my singular dreams. Perhaps I should have gone to bed again only for the fact that the figure my dream had shown me in your apartment was the same I had warned you against on parting with you for the night. I resolved to dress myself and seek you in your rooms.

"I was ashamed to come to your door openly at that time of night, with no excuse to offer for my presence save such a one as any old woman would have laughed at, so I crept upstairs like a spy and listened. I saw the flash of the dark lantern at the three-fold. I heard enough to satisfy me that something was wrong. So I went for the police." —Frank Leslie.

Dick is a hard headed sort of a fellow, who scolds everything that cannot be demonstrated by set rules and figures; but finally he fairly unboomed himself, telling his story before I had even given a hint of my own mysterious experiences.

"I slept soundly until nearly one o'clock," he said, with the air of a man who expects to be laughed at, "and then I passed into a strange trance-like dream. In that dream I saw, as plainly as I ever saw it in my life, the interior of your bath-room, and seated at the foot of the tub, where the opening door would have concealed him from any one looking in, I saw the man we had last seen opposite the window where we dined. I recognized at once the slouching figure and the level line of eyebrows he then attempted to hide beneath the rim of his slouch hat.

"There was no light in the bath-room, or anywhere about the apartment, but I had no difficulty in tracing every line of his face, nor in seeing you sound asleep in your bed. My mind at once became filled with the one idea that you were in danger. In my sleep I called out to you to lock the bathroom door, and warned you that I could not get the slouching figure we had seen on the edge of the walk out of my mind! I could not make you hear. In my alarm I even gave the private signal we use at the bank. I actually awoke to find myself sounding it on the head of my bed, and repeating over and over again the words I have told you of speaking.

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Catching Cold.

We are still greatly at sea as regards the way common colds are induced, says "Family Doctor," in the *Practical Farmer*. They are caused, I believe, in a great many more ways than we have any idea of. The words, "catching a chill," are to me entirely devoid of meaning. If by a cold we mean a congested state of the mucous membranes that line the passages through which we breathe, with discharge of water therefrom, pain in eyes and nose, tickling in the throat, tenderness and rawness of chest, with secondary symptoms in the shape of general feelings of dulness of mind and body, and aching of limbs, then I say these symptoms may be produced in many ways. Direct cold poured upon the head or face, as in driving against the wind, may produce them, so may the breathing of damp cold air or even of fumes from some melting substances, etc., that evolve irritating gases. Here

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RICHMOND IN WAR TIMES.

DIFFICULT HOUSEKEEPING IN THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL.

Providing for the Table During the Siege—A Confederate Menu—Sorghum for Dessert.

Mrs. Burton Harrison writes as follows in the *New York Commercial*: In striking contrast to the lavish methods of housekeeping practised in Virginia barely three years before, were our Confederate ways of providing for the table. As the siege of Richmond progressed I well remember the anxious faces worn by mother and other good housewives. A common saying among them was: "You carry your money to market in a basket, and fetch home your provisions in a pocketbook." With butter and lard at \$25 a pound each, butchers' meat a "foregone conclusion," bacon doing duty for the chief dish, its fat, obtained from frying, made to serve as butter, vegetables of the rarest, and withal, a set of young people who kept provokingly strong and hearty, and were hungry when they arose up from their meals, no wonder the poor mothers had their hands full.

We had during this time a nice old colored cook, Aunt Dilsey. Her domain was, of course, a kitchen independent of our dwelling, a brick path conducting to it from the rear veranda. Directly after breakfast Aunt Dilsey, with her clean blue check apron, her head turbaned majestically in a plaid bandana, appeared with her wooden flour measure and sugar bucket to receive allowances for the day. In due time orders to Aunt Dilsey became rather an empty ceremony, but the dear old soul would have rather died than admit to herself deficiencies over which we were laughing in family conclave. Her breads were famous. Hot loaf bread, beaten biscuits, corn dodgers, batter cakes, no matter what she set her hand to, expanded in her oven to featherlightness, crisp and delicious to the palate, having in them no suggestion of the to-morrow of indigestion. Then who could cook sweet potatoes like Aunt Dilsey? One method was to parboil them, cut them in shapely segments and bake with butter and sugar until they emerged from the oven a dainty confection, nothing to suggest the tasteless boiled sweet potato so often seen to-day.

Aunt Dilsey took care that our table was well supplied with breads and biscuits. But even these lost their charm, when butter continued day by day to absent itself from the little dish of beaten silver, with a cow for the handle, that had come to us from English ancestors. The servants put it on the table, all the same, and our damask was white and shining, our Spode teacups as pretty as one could wish.

But what a hollow mockery that dainty table service came to be in time. I have heard of a certain host of some southwestern hotel, who, as the guests filed into the dining room, was wont to stand at the head of his table and proclaim in stentorian voice, a rhymed bill of fare:

Oh! the ham and the lamb,
The jelly and the jam,

and so on. I don't think his inventive faculties would have been taxed by the recital of our confederate menu—wheat bread, corn bread, bacon fat, with sorghum as dessert and condiment. If any one is at a loss to understand sorghum, I may say that it was a very bad kind of molasses, about the manufacture of which, in later confederate days, there was a considerable boom. As this syrup was sold in the Richmond markets at \$12 a gallon in 1863, the Virginia farmers realized, in many cases, \$2,500 from each acre of sorghum cane. These returns sound impressive, even when we take into consideration the fact that they were in confederate currency. At any rate, wheat was set aside on many farms for her more brilliant rival, sorghum cane. In due time all of our sweetmeats came from the cloying syrup. Cake was made with it, and on one rare occasion we compounded taffy, which, set to dry in a basement window, fell the victim to the Aschenputtelle. When we discovered her ladyship she was sitting in the dish licking a path around her. It was a bitter disappointment, and it was the first time in months such a treat had been allowed us. A little later a friend from the country sent a gallon of syrup made from watermelon juice, requiring a good deal of the marchioness's faith in her make-believe lemonade to persuade us that it was good, even with hot cakes. The same lady tried brandy made from watermelons and pronounced it a success.

Some friends of ours, who were in lodgings, received, per underground express, a turkey, some apples, chestnuts and sweet potatoes. Thereupon, they resolved to give a dinner party, including among the guests a young Baltimorean on the floor below. On receiving his invitation, the guest arrived promptly, carrying before him on a mighty platter a round of cooked spiced beef, of which he had himself become the unexpected possessor. It would not do to let it go to waste, he averred politely, and, after it had formed the chief ornament of the feast, they made him take back the remains. A supper in his room that night fed our half starved men in town on leave from the front. How long that widow's curse held out we never fairly knew. But he told us of a night when, having gone hungry all day, he and another man went into his room and compounded of the beef bones, some hardtack and a couple of half-fro'nt potatoes, a stew by no means to be despised, although cooked on an open coal fire, and rather sooty from the inevitable droppings of the chimney.

I have an idea that as spring came on and our longing for green things increased, we had watercress in abundance. But watercress as an appendage to quail on toast, or watercress encircling a dish of French chops as a garnish, are different from watercress as a steady diet. Lettuce, too, occasionally came to us, but it was not much of an addition to our tables, without oil or cream or condiments with which to dress it. I believe Aunt Dilsey boiled it sometimes, trying to debase herself that she was serving "greens" or "sprouts," beloved of negro palates.

One consolatory point in the general meanness of things was that our embarrassment was shared in common with our friends. To look at the outside of those great square stately Richmond houses, guarded by magnolias, the front

yards filled with blossoming shrubs, rich curtains at the windows, handsome furniture visible within, one would never imagine that their owners and inhabitants were going from day to day with the smallest allowance of plain fare that it was possible to keep up life and hope on. But such was the truth, and when luxuries could be had they were carried straightway to the hospitals. It was accounted a notable occasion when a certain very pretty and popular girl of acquaintance invited a party of young people to pass the evening at her house, producing, about 10 o'clock, trays of antique silver pomposities, handied by the butler and his aid, containing dishes of "guba" peas and gin-seng nuts. Coffee, made of confederate coffee, was served afterward in cups of eggshell Sevres, and, to crown all, to each guest a single tiny glass of golden liquor, taken from our host's cellar and famed in Richmond hospitality, now jealously guarded, that its contents might be doled out to camp or hospital.

HEALTH HINTS.

Mannaca is a very sure remedy in muscular rheumatism, in doses of ten to forty drops of the fluid extract, repeated every hour.

Toothache from decayed teeth is said, by Swiss authority, to be relieved by cotton wool moistened with a mixture of equal parts of camphor and chloral, and a fifth as much cocaine.

For sore throat beat up the whites of two eggs with two spoonfuls of white sugar and a pint of lukewarm water. Grate a little nutmeg in the mixture, and, stirring it well, drink a little frequently. This is a pleasant and certain remedy.

Seven grains of chrysophanic acid in an ounce of chloroform provides a very successful application for the treatment of ring-worm. It should be very cautiously applied to the part affected two or three times daily with a camel's hair brush, care being taken not to inhale the vapor.

Soft corns, "from which great aches do grow," are very painful, coming principally between the toes where the flesh is tender. Have the shoes reasonably loose, and each morning place a piece of absorbent cotton between the affected toes; this will absorb the moisture, and in a short time the corns will have completely disappeared.

Cuts, bruises and wounds, where the flesh is not broken, are best treated by covering with a cloth, saturated with tincture of calendula (or dried flowers of the yellow marigold). Where the skin is broken, use equal parts of this tincture and cold water, keeping the wound wrapped up. In case of great pain, add a few drops of laudanum before the bandage is applied.

A bone felon, when first felt, may be successfully treated in the following manner: Place a Spanish fly blister about the size of a dime immediately over the spot where the pain is greatest. Let it remain six hours, after which remove, when under the blister will be seen the felon, which can be readily removed with a needle. This treatment to be successful should be employed when the felon is first felt.—*Health and Home.*

How to Retain Health.

It is impossible to lay down any rules for health which may be followed safely by all persons. Health depends largely upon the diet. Some people can not eat newly-baked bread; others can not eat it when it is stale. Much fresh meat, with some constitutions, induces fullness of the head and a feverish state of the system, because it makes blood too fast.

It should, therefore, be discarded and a little salt meat or fish, if the appetite craves it, with fresh fruit and vegetables, will be found, probably, to be what the system requires.

In truth, with health as in many other things, each person must be a law unto himself. In acute or intricate cases physicians are necessary, but in many minor matters they can not decide.

It is true that what is "one man's meat may be another man's poison," and a little poisoning now and then seems indispensable to teach us our individual physical as well as mental idiosyncrasies. Experience thus gained, if not carried to such an excess as to prove too severe a schoolmaster, will be of more value through life than all the doctors in Christendom—with all respect it be spoken—besides saving many a long bill at the drug store. Children should be taught at an early period of life to avoid the use of condiments. Their food should be plentiful but simple. Many a mother will give her very young children rich food—pastry, cake, and sauces, and condiments of the most indigestible or fiery kind—and tell you her children are healthy, and nothing hurts them. Perhaps the injury is not apparent at first, but it will not be long before headaches, indigestion of the most serious character, dyspepsia, fixed for life, disprove the truth of her opinions.—*Health and Home.*

Woodite.

Woodite is a name suggested for a new compound of caoutchouc invented in England. This novel material pos-

PACIFIC COAST FARMING.

HOW FARMS IN CALIFORNIA ARE OPERATED.

Wheat Raised by Contract—Borrowing Money—Qualities of Chinese Farm Hands—Raising Grapes.

The great staple product of California is wheat, of which about fifty million bushels, worth more than forty millions of dollars, are raised in a good year, four-fifths of which are exported.

This wheat is almost wholly raised on large ranches by contract. The wheat-grower is no more a farmer than he is a miner or a miller. He lets out his plowing and seeding by the acre, and borrows money from the banks to pay the bill, giving security on the growing crop.

In harvest time a contractor comes on the ground with his harvester, threshers and separators, an outfit costing as much as five thousand dollars. He brings his own crew of twenty to twenty-five men, who move about from place to place, living like gypsies in the open air. They gather in the broad fields of grain at the rate of more than one thousand bushels per day, and leave the crop neatly piled up in sacks, to which the rancher has not put his hand from first to last.

More money is borrowed from the banks at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month to pay for the harvesting, and some time or any time, before the rainy season begins, the sacks are carted either to the river or railroad, and sent to market.

The rancher is to all intents and purposes a capitalist, or, perhaps, a manufacturer dependent upon the capitalist, and, unless his operations are conducted on a sufficiently extensive scale, the margin of profit is hardly enough to keep him in idleness during the greater part of the year.

Every wheat-grower in California is not of this sort, but every well-informed person will recognize the characteristics of a class sufficiently numerous to afford a basis for distinct and peculiar methods of business, both as regards contracts, transportation and finances.

It is to the thrifty wheat-grower that the employment of the Chinaman becomes a necessity if he would vary his husbandry, and avail himself fully of the season's opportunities. In planting, weeding and digging, the Chinaman excels, and the testimony of many a rancher is that without Chinese labor his farming would not be successful.

In grape culture the common practice is not of this sort, but every well-informed person will recognize the characteristics of a class sufficiently numerous to afford a basis for distinct and peculiar methods of business, both as regards contracts, transportation and finances.

Amateur milliners find the winter bonnets easily trimmed, as the high bows and strings are nearly all that fashion requires.

The twelve year old daughter of Hans Hansen of Pipestone county, Minn., plowed 112 acres of his farm for him last year.

France boasts of the oldest old maid in the world. She is 100 years old and lives at Auch. Her name is Mlle. Benoite.

Gray squirrel fur is used in bands for trimming velvet and cloth costumes. It is very dressy and comparatively inexpensive.

Many young ladies are adopting the braided coil at the back of the head in place of the high coiffure that has been so popular.

Checked velvet is a decided novelty.

It is used in combination with silk or plain velvet, and is a very effective trimming material.

Gracefully draped polonaise of woolen material, over skirts of velvet or velveteen, compose very pretty and inexpensive costumes.

Maria Henrietta, the Queen of the Belgians, is said to be very democratic in her tastes and habits, and this has made her popular with her subjects.

The monogram is seen on every possible belonging of fashionable woman, on her lingerie, her toilet articles, her umbre la handbag, even on her sachet bag.

Gracefully draped polonaise of woolen material, over skirts of velvet or velveteen, compose very pretty and inexpensive costumes.

Long cloaks for little girls have flat plait in the back, and a yoke and hood. The cloak is shirred into the yoke, making it very warm and comfortable, but not graceful.

The cost of introducing a girl into society in New York and carrying her successfully through one season is estimated at \$1,000, of which all but \$250 is for wearing apparel.

Ivory white satin and corded silk are the favorite materials for bridal costumes. White velvet or white brocade is sometimes used as a panel on these dresses, but generally one material is preferred.

A revival of brocaded silks is predicted. A few choice patterns which have already appeared have grounds of chevron weave, or of the oldtime Barathea weave, which is seen in some new plain silks as well.

The school teacher at Osceola, W. T., is a young woman of only eighteen years, but she has no difficulty in keeping order, for she threatens to sit down on the first pupil who is insubordinate. She weighs 325 pounds.

A novel glove is made of black kid, and is intended to be worn over the sleeve. The long top shows a pattern of machine stitched squares of Swedish leather, which form a striking contrast to the black kid ground.

A thimble used by the Queen of Siam, presented to her by the King, is made of gold in the form of a lotus bud, the lotus being the royal flower, and is thickly studded with diamonds so arranged as to form her name and the date of her marriage.

In Bavaria it is not good form for a lady to shake hands with a gentleman until she is very well acquainted with him, and no unmarri'd woman is allowed to speak on the street to any of her friends of the opposite sex, no matter how well she may know them.

Gorgeous effects are given in bright red tulle, spangled over its entire surface with round gilt spangles. The corsage of watered silk, the same shade, has as a finish to the neck and shoulder straps a gilt cord. Red satin slippers and stockings of the same hue complete the striking costume.

The universal fashion of wearing aprons in the house has led to the production of some very dainty novelties in this line. Fine scrim is much used for this purpose, with insertions of bright-colored ribbons, and some very pretty aprons are of pink or blue China silk, elaborately trimmed with lace.

Miss Amelia Hand, of Cape May Court House, N. J., is now an invalid, and having been a great churchgoer she greatly misses the services. In order to make her confinement less irksome Dr. Wiley has connected her bedside with the Methodist Episcopal Church by a telephone. The transmitter, which is the finest made, is placed on the pulpit cushion, and thus arranged the lady can distinctly hear and enjoy the entire services, including the singing of the choir.

Clever Escape From a Paris Jail.

An escape has been made from the Mazas Jail in Paris under most extraordinary circumstances. A prisoner named Altmayer, belonging to a well-to-do Jewish family, who was undergoing a term of imprisonment for embezzling a sum of \$10,000 from a Paris banker, forged in his cell a letter of dismissal and obtained his liberty by showing it to the warden and jail porter. It is supposed that while he was being examined in Judge D'Instruction's office he contrived, while the Judge's back was turned, to stamp and mark a sheet of writing paper. In his cell he imitated with marvelous skill the magistrate's handwriting, which he had leisure to study during his confinement of two months and a half. The letter was an order, signed by the Judge in the name of the procurator, to set free the prisoner. He inclosed this in an official envelope, stolen, no doubt, from the Judge's office, and on leaving this before entering the van he handed it to his warden, with a request to take it to the prison director. Arrived at Mazas the prisoner, after remaining for five minutes with the other few inmates, was called up and sent away free.

Keeping a Diary.

—In Jan. in diaries we write: In Feb. the same we often slight; In March the labor seems too fine; In April—here and there a fine; In May the task is given over; And diaries are deemed a bore; And so 'twill be, each New Year's sun Will find new diaries begun; But far too soon they'll have their day, And vanish in the mists of May.

—Goodall's Sun.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Velvet is not much employed for dress trimmings this winter.

Ostrich plumage is steadily increasing in favor for millinery purposes.

According to a recent authority there are 600 women writers in Germany.

Bretelles and other V-shaped corsage trimmings are meeting with much favor.

Rhode Island is a small State, and yet it contains 11,000 more women than men.

The latest importations of bonnets show much smaller shapes than heretofore.

Silk astrachan is a very popular trimming material for both bonnets and wraps.

Red is a favorite color for evening dresses for entire costumes as well as for accessories.

The Empress of Russia, as well as the Austrian Empress, is said to be an expert shot with the rifle.

The tourne does not diminish in size, as was predicted, but, on the contrary, is worn larger than ever.

Mauve, so long a neglected color, is once more fashionable. It is especially favored for house toilets.

Pale pink velvets are taking the place of the red ones so long in favor. They are more generally becoming.

Moire and lace-striped silk is a new material for evening dresses, and is shown in several delicate shades of color.

White kid gloves reaching a little above the elbow are taking the place of Swedish gloves for full-dress toilets.

Black plush is a favorite material for bonnets. They are usually made with the puffed crown, pushed up well toward the front.

Amateur milliners find the winter bonnets easily trimmed, as the high bows and strings are nearly all that fashion requires.

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STRANGE FANCIES.

QUEER STORIES OF PEOPLE SAME ON ALL POINTS BUT ONE.

Producing Hallucinations at Pleasure. An Actor's Power—A Horror of Dirt. A New Yorker's Mania—The Initiative Steward—The "Jumpers."

Brewster, in his letters on "Natural Magic," relates an experience of Newton which shows that any one has the power to produce hallucinations at his pleasure. This philosopher, after having regarded for some time the image of the sun in a looking glass, was much surprised, on directing his eyes toward the dark part of the room, to see a specter of the sun reproduced bit by bit, until it shone with all the vividness and all the color of the real object. The hallucination afterward recurred whenever he was in the dark. The same phenomenon takes place when a person looks fixedly at a window in a strong light and then at a wall; a spectral window, with its panes and bars, soon presents itself.

Talma, the great French actor, said that when he entered upon the stage he was able, by the power of his will, to banish from his sight the dress of his numerous and brilliant audience and to substitute in the place of these living persons so many skeletons. When his imagination had thus filled the theatre with these singular spectators the emotions which he experienced gave such an impulse to his acting as to produce the most startling effects.

I have known men to imagine that they had gold brains, silver livers and crystal stomachs, and the latter would swallow no hard food for fear of breaking the said brittleness. There is an authentic case on record of a man who thought himself a teapot, and always went about at home and on the street with one arm held out at right angles and the other akimbo, walked sideways, and made a hissing noise like a teapot boiling. Nothing could convince him to the contrary. For many years it was the only symptom of insanity he showed, but eventually he died in an asylum for the insane.

Speaking of hallucinations, I have in mind just now a lady, one of the best actresses in this country, who has such a horror of dirt that it has become almost a mania with her. In washing her hands she uses at least five bowls of water, uses a towel but once, and that, when it leaves the laundress, must be locked up lest any human hand should touch it. Her tooth brush is always under lock and key. Every morning it takes her over an hour to bathe, using at least three tubs of water. She dines in no restaurant where she has not the privilege of examining the kitchen and questioning the cook. Her one hobby is water. I always call her an aquamaniac.

I know very charming gentleman, a prominent business man, who not for Vanderbilt's wealth would cross any river or leave New York. I have used every endeavor to get him to cross the ferry from New York to Brooklyn, and only succeeded once—by drugging him. He cannot tell why, but as soon as the boat is on the point of starting he has a feeling as if he were about to die, a cold perspiration breaks out all over him, his knees shake, and a stranger looking at him would think he was about to collapse. This has been going on for about eight years. In everything else he is perfectly sane; at home he is charming in every respect. He has consulted the most eminent physicians of New York, but to no avail.

Recently I read of a most interesting journey made by Lieut. Buckingham and others of the United States navy. While in Siberia they were walking on the banks of the Ussuri river, when he observed a messmate, who was a captain of the general staff of the Russian army, approach. The captain of the boat suddenly, and without any apparent reason, clapped his hands before his face. Instantly the steward clapped his hands in the same manner, put on an angry look, and passed on. The incident was somewhat curious, as it involved a degree of intimacy with the steward hardly, in such a country, to be expected. After this they observed a number of queer performances of the steward, and finally comprehended the situation. It seemed that he was afflicted with a peculiar mental or nervous disease which forced him to imitate everything suddenly presented to his senses. Thus, when the captain slapped the paddlebox suddenly in the presence of the steward, the latter instantly gave it a similar thump, or if any noise was made suddenly he seemed compelled against his will to imitate it instantly and with remarkable accuracy. To annoy him some of the passengers imitated pigs grunting or called out absurd names; others clapped their hands and shouted, jumped or threw their hats on the deck suddenly, and the poor steward, suddenly startled, would imitate them all precisely, and sometimes several consecutively. Frequently he would beg people not to startle him, and again grow furiously angry, but even in the midst of his passion would helplessly repeat some ridiculous shout or motion directed at him by his pitiless tormentors. Frequently he would shut himself up in his pantry, which was without windows, and lock the door; but even there he could be heard answering the shouts, grunts or sounds on the bulkhead outside. He was a man of middle age, fine physique, rather intelligent in facial expression, and gave not the slightest visible indication of his disability.

I could go on writing about such cases until I exhausted my readers' patience, but I shall close by relating a few of the habits of the sect called the Jumpers, or Jumping Frenchmen, that have a community near Moosehead lake, Me. I am indebted to the late Dr. Beard for the particulars. He found that whatever order was given them they at once obeyed. Thus, one of the Jumpers who was sitting on a chair with a knife in his hand was told to throw it. He threw it quickly so that it stuck in a house opposite. At the same time he repeated the order to throw it with a cry of alarm not unlike that of hysteria or epilepsy. He also threw away his pipe, which he was filling with tobacco, when he was clapped on the shoulder. Two Jumpers sitting near each other were told to strike, and they struck each other very forcibly. When a Jumper is told to strike, he strikes; when told to throw, he throws whatever he may happen to have in his hand. Dr. Beard tried their powers of repetition with the first part of the first line of Virgil's "Aeneid" and the first part of the first line of Homer's "Iliad," and out of the way words in the English language, with which the Jumpers could not have been familiar. He repeated or echoed the sound of the words as they came to him in a quick, sharp voice. All of the Jumpers agreed that it tired them to jump, and they dreaded it, but could not resist the command.—New York Mirror.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has gone into the business of composing anthems to be sung at American weddings.

POLICEMEN'S ODD TRICKS.

One Poor Fellow's Mistake—Out of a Bad Scrape With Flying Colors.

After saluting his superior officers the patrolman, evidently much relieved, rejoined the reporter, remarking that he had probably seen the last of them for that tour at least.

"I remember the case of one poor fellow who was broke for doing what he supposed to be right. His post was at the limit of the precinct, and one night he was summoned to the adjoining one by word that a desperate fight was in progress there.

Investigation brought to light simply a war of words between two families resident in the same tenement house. The roundsman caught him, and the commissioners censured him roundly for being off his beat. Not long afterward what he believed to be a similar case occurred and he declined to leave the precinct. This time it proved to be a murder, and he was discharged for dereliction of duty.

"I remember a little episode which occurred last winter in which two policemen came out of a bad scrape with flying colors. It was a very cold night, or rather morning, and, having seen their rounds, they thought the way clear for a little rest. So they hied to a livery stable on one man's post and adjacent to that of the other, and were soon asleep in its warm office. An hour or so later their slumbers were rudely broken by a roundsman's rap, sounding clear and loud from the next corner. What to do was the question. One thing was certain—they must remain under cover while the roundsman was in sight. After minutes which seemed hours their superior disappeared down the beat. Selvag two sets of harness the patrolmen left the stable, and running to the station house, deposited their burden before the door. Their explanation was clever, though somewhat far from the facts.

"Patrolman No. 1 told the sergeant that he had seen a man in the distance carrying a load and acting suspiciously. Rapping for assistance, patrolman No. 2 joined him and they pursued the fugitive, who dropped his burden and ran so fast that owing to his long start he escaped. In the pursuit they found the two sets of harness, which presumably had been stolen. At this juncture the roundsman came in prepared to report the absence from post of the two delinquents, but their story stood the test, and they did not have to repeat it to the commissioners. Next day the livery stable keeper, having been posted duly, reported his loss, recovered his property and warmly complimented the efficient policemen."—New York World.

Soothing Syrup for Cowboys.

The Northern Pacific train from the west came into this town a few days since with twenty five or thirty cowboys, bound for Fort Worth. The festive cow punchers had taken possession of the emigrant sleeper. Every one of them had a huge revolver slung to his belt, all of them were full of bug juice, each man sporting a bottle of forty-rod whisky. When the Dakota division conductor came into the car for their tickets they refused to produce the pasteboards, drawing instead their bottles of chain lightning, and insisted on the ticket puncher drinking with them. A quiet old German passenger who had been much annoyed by the hilarity of the wild riders of the western plains took the conductor to one side and said:

"If I were conductor of this train I would expend a half dollar at some convenient drug store for opium and slip it into their bottles."

On reaching Bismarck the conductor acted on this happy suggestion, and sent his brakeman to a drug store for fifty cents' worth of the quieting drug. The brakeman went into the car and accepted their generous offer to imbibe, and, while pretending to drink, quietly slipped a small quantity of the soothing drug in each bottle. Quiet soon reigned where before all had been pandemonium. These denizens of the wild, rowdy west were soon sleeping sounder than the Cardiff giant. The exultant conductor rolled them over like logs, went through their pockets, punched their tickets and rolled them back in their berths. A more peaceful car of passengers never traveled over the Northern Pacific—in fact, the train load of deaf mute excursionists of the past summer were hilarious when compared with the quiet Texas cowboys. They were turned over to the conductor of the Minnesota division at Fargo, with the remainder of the unexpected drug to use if an emergency should arise before reaching St. Paul.—Mandan Pioneer.

John L. and the Young Boxer.

"Can you remember any case where you brought any special tactics into play?"

"Yes," said John L. Sullivan, "I just happen to remember one circumstance, and I'll tell you of it. A young and pretty clever boxer—I won't mention his name now—undertook to stand up before me for four rounds. Now, I wanted to give the public a good show for their money's worth, so I allowed the young man to hammer away to his heart's content. When, after the second round, I was beginning to tire in my corner I said to my second: 'About half a minute before this next round is over you call out "John" loud enough for me to hear you. Time was called, and after a few passes I rushed in and laid my head upon that young man's breast and let him belt away at me as hard as he could. The audience cheered because they thought he was knocking me out, sure, but at that close range his blows hurt me about as much as you could now by fibbing me on the top of the head with a soft glove. There I lay, as snug as you please, taking a great deal of amusement out of the enthusiasm of the audience. Presently my second, who had kept his eyes upon my watch, called out 'John'—and then I stepped back and landed my young man one under the ear, and that was the last of him."—Sacramento Bee.

Pages and Their Pay.

At the beginning of a session of congress it is a common thing to see rich ladies alight at the Capitol from their splendid equipages, leading their petted sons in to ask that they be appointed pages. Members of congress bring their boys to put them on the pages' roll. "Oh," said one lady of wealth, when asked why she consented to have her darling son serve as a page, "his pay makes such convenient pin money." These attendants upon senators and representatives get \$2.50 a day during the sessions of congress.—Chicago Times.

Results of Local Reporter's Work IN LEXINGTON.

—What did you think of the Unity Club entertainment?

—Socially Lexington has been unusually quiet so far this winter.

—The regular monthly sociable of the Baptist society will occur on Wednesday of next week.

—Mrs. F. B. Hayes and her daughter, Miss Wilson, are at Hotel Vendome for the remainder of the winter months.

—The town water has been put into the Massachusetts House and will be found to be a great convenience.

—The weather of the past week has demoralized both the sleighing and the toboggan slide.

—Drop in and test the excellent quality of the stock now on hand at C. H. Butters & Co.'s grocery in Norris Block.

—In the death of Mr. Henry B. Brigham, Lexington has lost a worthy citizen and a kindly and generous friend to those who have been sharers of his bounty. Mr. Brigham has been ill for about a year, but it was thought that his health was improving when a sudden change to

the reverse caused his death on Monday of this week, his disease being termed by his doctor bipartite. The deceased gentleman has always identified himself prominently with the First Parish (Unitarian) church, of which he was a member, and had often been a member of the parish committee, and the parish on many occasions can attest to his liberality when money was needed for any church or parish work. Mr. Brigham was also one of the directors of the Lexington Savings Bank, which we believe is the only office held by him in the town, he being one who desired to exert his influence in a quiet and unobtrusive way rather than in public office.

The funeral of the deceased occurred at his late residence on Hancock street, and was largely attended. Rev. C. A. Staples officiated, and the remains were placed in the receiving tomb to await burial at Forest Hill Cemetery.

Mr. Willard Pierce had twelve little chickens added to his hen family, and they looked as though they had come to stay, but we pity the midgets this cold winter weather.

—Walking on the sidewalks would have been quite impossible but for the sand liberally sprinkled by the town on Tuesday.

—At a meeting of Independence Lodge, on Tuesday evening, Mr. C. C. Mann was installed as treasurer of the organization by Q. Bicknell, Jr., Past Master Workman.

—Neighborhood meetings have been held each week of late by the members of the Hancock church. The meetings are held at different houses each week. The evening of meeting is Wednesday.

—The lumber has been purchased of Mr. George E. Muzzey for making the repairs on the pumping station of the Lexington Water Co. The contract for the carpenter work has been awarded to Mr. John McKinnon.

—Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., preached at Arlington, on Sunday last, at the Pleasant street Congregational church. Rev. Dr. Mason, the pastor of the church, has been confined to the house with a rheumatic cold.

—There were few persons who attended service at any of the churches on Sunday morning who arrived at their various homes without drenching their feet. The streets and sidewalks were perfect canals by noon.

—A most pleasant social affair was the gathering of the members of the parish of the Church of Our Redeemer, on Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. Albert Griffiths, on Main street, for a social evening.

—Subscribe for the MINUTE-MAN. All those interested in the affairs of the town should assist an enterprise which is devoted to the best interests of the town, and nothing is more helpful to a town than a well conducted local paper.

—At his store in Norris Block Mr. Royce has a fresh lot of prints in a variety of patterns, and also a large assortment of different grades of cotton goods to which he invites the inspection of his patrons.

—On Sunday evening services will be held at seven o'clock, the usual hour, at the Baptist church. After a short and appropriate sermon by the pastor, Rev. L. B. Hatch, a number of persons are to be baptised.

—A friend informs us that in a recent letter from Denver, Colorado, the writer stated that during a recent wind storm the wind registered the great velocity of seventy-two miles an hour and that great buildings were moved several inches from their foundations and pedestrians were unable to walk on the streets, so terrible was the force of the wind.

—Mr. Albert Richardson, who died at his home on Middle street, of pneumonia, on Monday, had only been a citizen of the town for about two years. He purchased the house and farm of Mr. George Adams at that time and occupied the same until his death. The funeral took place on Wednesday, the services being conducted by Rev. E. G. Porter.

—We clip the following from among the "personals" of the Boston Journal, on Monday: "Mr. W. H. Baldwin, of the Young Men's Christian Union, has again been obliged to absent himself from his accustomed place, where year in and year out he has been found diligent and enthusiastic in his work. The short vacations which he has taken have not been sufficient, and he is now experiencing the ill effects of too constant application to duties which, however agreeable, are wearing and exhaustive. A rest of a few months and shorter hours in the future, it is believed, will bring a complete restoration to health. We cannot spare Mr. Baldwin."

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—The additions and recent improvements on the residence of Mr. C. C. Goodwin are much more elaborate than one realizes until viewed from a short distance. Besides a large two story wing thrown out on the northerly side of the house, a porticochere affords shelter and gives added picturesqueness to the house. The whole has been attractively painted by Mr. W. W. Baker.

—At the annual meeting of the Lexington Auxiliary of the W. B. Missions, held Thursday, the following ladies were elected officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Mrs. C. C. Goodwin; vice pres., Mrs. F. E. Tufts; secy. and treas., Mrs. E. A. Shaw. The officers of the Hancock mission circle were chosen at the same time as follows: Pres., Mrs. C. L. Wooster; secy., Miss Alice Munroe; treas., Mrs. G. H. Reed.

—At a meeting held Monday, Jan. 24, the Lexington Toboggan Club was formed, with the following officers: President, G. C. Goodwin; secretary and treasurer, Geo. L. Harrington; manager, E. P. Merriam; executive committee, G. C. Goodwin, G. L. Harrington, E. P. Merriam, A. H. Burnham and H. W. Davis. Those desiring admission to the club should send in their names to the secretary before Monday evening, Jan. 31, to be voted on, as the number will be necessarily limited.

—Mr. Hendley's horse ran away on Monday afternoon, but was stopped in quite an original and novel way by little Arthur Tucker. Seeing the horse running toward him, the little fellow rushed into the street directly in front of the runaway and waved his arms, which diverted the attention of the animal enough so that when it shied to one side the boy jumped into the pung and coolly picked up the reins and held them firmly till the horse regained its senses. It was a brave and clever act.

—Early Tuesday evening Thomas Cary, who works for Horace Paine of Concord, was driving a load of swill, when near the Willard House, East Lexington, he attempted to turn out for a team, running against a telegraph pole, and being intoxicated was unable to keep his seat and was thrown to the ground. He fell in such a way that the wheels of his team passed over one of his legs, seriously injuring him. He was taken to the Willard House, where his injuries were properly cared for.

—The supper and entertainment given in the Unitarian church parlors, last evening, was unique and exceptionally pleasant, revealing a large amount of skill and originality in the managers, Messrs. Whiting, Davis, Jones, Locke, Bennink and Crone, who facetiously designated themselves the "Big Six." Dressed in full evening costume they received the throngs who accepted their welcome, "if you pay 35 cents," under a canopy, and nothing during the evening was more laughter provoking than this ceremony. The attendance was nearly double what was anticipated, and the over-taxed supper table had to be twice spread before the guests were served, and consequently it was late before the entertainment furnished could be introduced. The menu cards abounded with witty notes, and the napkin holders were not only novel but also worth preserving as souvenirs of the pleasant affair. The tables looked very handsome, especially in their first freshness. The company was a fraternal and social one, with ample capacity for its own amusement during the waiting time, so there was no interruption of the evening's pleasure, which would have been enhanced, however, had the seating capacity of the tables been sufficient for all. A unique feature was the waiters, who were the younger gentlemen clad in white linen jackets with button-hole bouquets. The tediousness of the wait was relieved by the piano selections rendered by Mr. B. F. Colburn, of Boston, with exquisite taste and skill, this same gentleman also playing an organ selection to which the company marched in couples to the supper room. The ladies' parlor was converted into a fairy bower by a lavish and tasteful arrangement of evergreen and bright Chinese lanterns, the centre being occupied with potted plants banked with cut flowers. After supper an amusing entertainment was furnished. A double male quartette rendered selections under the direction of Prof. Eph. Cutler, and was followed by members of the "big six," who, with impressive dignity, recited nursery rhymes. The final grand effort by the gentlemen was original verses abounding in local hits sung to one of the popular airs from the opera "Adonis" by Mr. H. G. Locke, the other gentlemen giving a responsive chorus. It was funny, you know. The company were given a gentle hint that the hour for dispersion had arrived by the singing of the chorus "Good Night Ladies."

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